Don't be Scared! Be Prepared.—See page ii of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 504 | SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1916. | ONE PENNY

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

A 322127

for meaning of this number see page 28.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of any charge whatever, an insurance* which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident Policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE. Readers to whom this course is inconvenient may, however, obtain all the advantages of the scheme by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out—which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is **killed**, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below pay the sum of **£200**

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ... **£100**

Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding **£350**

Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to **£25**

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to **£10**

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants' rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Jan. 29, 1916.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with.....
..... Newsagent,
of .....
..... and
desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

(*Strike out one of these.*)

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address.....
Jan. 29, 1916.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

War on Waste.

It is waste to buy a new suit when you can have your old one made to look like new for 3/9. Think of the difference in cost! And you CAN save that difference by letting us clean and press your suit in the famous "Achille Serre Way." 3/9 covers the whole cost, including minor repairs and carriage both ways between our Works and the Branch or Agent nearest to you. If you don't know the nearest address, write to

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.
(East 3710—4 lines.)
Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D5

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER

The best, strongest & purest in the world

The most economical because it goes farther than most other makes

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC"

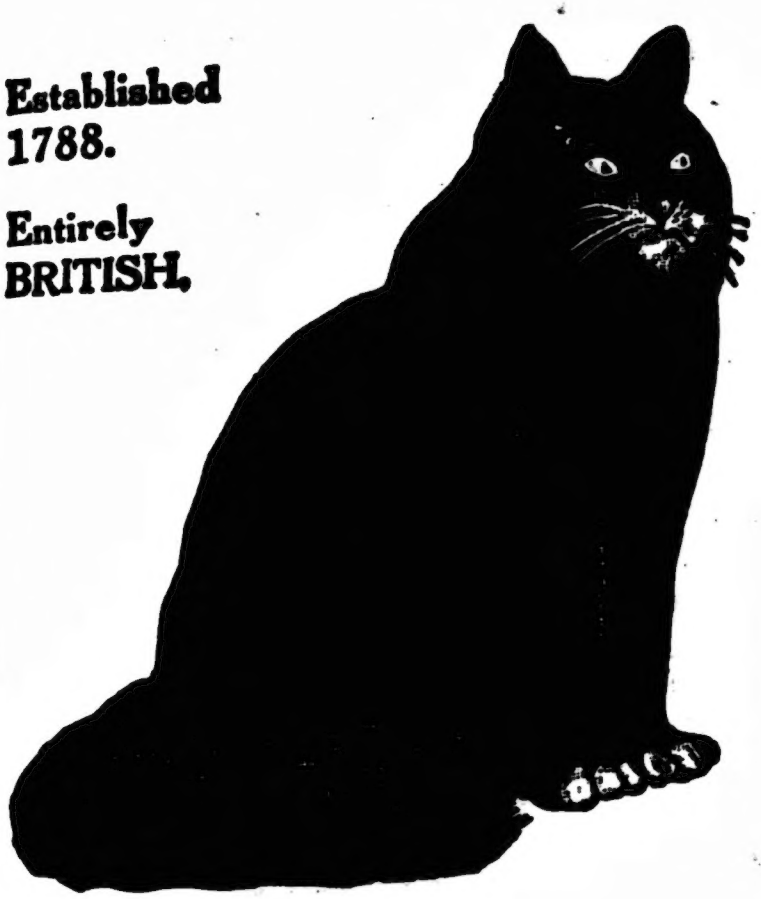
is the ideal food and body builder (spell it backwards). The name implies the quality. Booklet and Samples of all foods for Dogs or Poultry sent free by the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.

SAVE NOW

Established 1788.

Entirely BRITISH.



IF the war ended to-day there would still be hard times ahead and every man **must** save.

Remember, **every halfpenny counts**—so why pay more than **3d.** for 10 Medium Virginia Cigarettes, or **3½d.** for 10 Mild? If you pay more you are simply putting a halfpenny into a manufacturer's pocket that **should** be in your own.

Stick to **Black Cat** Cigarettes, you save a halfpenny on every packet you buy, enjoy the best quality Virginia Cigarette on the market, and get the best value for your money.

Send your boy at the Front "Black Cats" — he's asking for them.

Black Cat

CIGARETTES

Medium **10** for **3d.** Mild **10** for **3½d.**

50 Medium **1/2** **50** Mild **1/4½**

btainable of all first-class tobacconists and at 55, Piccadilly, London, W., and 7, Wardour St., Leicester Sq., London, W.

Carreras, Ltd., Arcadia Works, City Road, London.

STRAIGHT FROM THE TRENCHES

What they think of B.D.V. out there.

17th January, 1916.

Dear Sirs,

We meet various, but, and it's a big **but,** there is only one we boys like in the Trenches, and that is B D.V. We know it and we love it, and we are honestly in love with that we call our "old pal" B.D.V.

(Signed) Sergt. T. O. Jordan,
76th Field Co., R.E.,
Guards Division, B.E.F., France.

B.D.V. Extra-Mild Cigarettes.....10 for 4d.

B.D.V. Tobacco.....6d. per oz.

Special Prices to the Expeditionary Forces.

GODFREY PHILLIPS' LTD., LONDON.

Humber

Prices from £25-0-0

HUMBER LIMITED,
LONDON OFFICE:
22, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
SOUTHAMPTON:
25 & 27, London Road.
Works — COVENTRY.
Agents Everywhere.

PROMPT DELIVERY can be given of Humber Cycles—at all prices—though we are busy on war work.

"Times are bad," the old man said,
As he hastened away to bed;
"But I have and fear no ills,
"My night-cap is "Old Bushmills."

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 504 Week ending Saturday, January 29th, 1916 One Penny

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Many *Unhappy* Returns.

We mean to the Kaiser, who has lived fifty-seven years to-day, Thursday, January 27th. Whatever be his malady, may he live long enough to see Britain in possession of his fleet; France of Alsace and Lorraine; Italy, of her old territory now in the hands of Austria; Russia, of German Poland—if she wants it—and East Prussia; Bulgaria annexed by Serbia and Montenegro; Japan with all of Germany's Far East colonies; Belgium restored and made custodian of the Kiel Canal—the Hun Army disbanded, its guns and rifles divided between the Allies, and the German Empire smashed to smithereens. That will do for the moment.

For "K of K."

Once more Lord Kitchener has been attacked in the House of Commons, and once more not a single colleague rose on his behalf. It was left to the newest member ("the Member for Australia"), Sir George Reid, to come to his defence. "In the name of hundreds of thousands of people, thousands of miles away, I venture to say that in our opinion Lord Kitchener, in raising these citizen armies, has performed one of the grandest duties that any British soldier has ever performed." Can you deny that, Mr. Lloyd George?

Mile End.

By the time these lines are read, the Mile End election will be over. It must necessarily be a small poll, and we will prophesy nothing more than that, whatever the result, it will show the Government that the Coalition is not held sacrosanct by the people.

That War Council.

Isn't it somewhat of an anomaly that, as the greatest Naval Power in the world, we are without one sailor on our War Council?

At the Aldwych Club.

What a delightful little body this is. We spent a most happy evening with the members on Friday of last week. Everyone connected with the advertising world should join the Club.

Old Friends.

The other day we noticed a contents bill of a well-known magazine, which advised all and sundry, in big black type, to "Watch Russia"; and on the very same day another bill caught our eye: "Victory *versus* Trade." Somehow, both phrases seemed familiar to us.

Brains, not Bribes.

A pretty story that, about evacuation bribes to the Turks. Don't believe it. If the same brains that got us out of the Gallipoli "gamble" had been used at the beginning, we should have celebrated Christmas in Constantinople.

"Bungo" Byng.

When the full story of the withdrawal from Suvla Bay is told it will be found that General Sir Julian Byng's military strategy and human craft worked wonders. It will be interesting to see what new honour is bestowed upon him. "Bungo" Byng, as he is known to his friends, is one of our younger generals as ages go.

Another Word with Manoel.

We are not at all happy about young King Manoel's attitude towards the war. Is he aware that the Royalist press in Portugal is daily attacking the Allies and proclaiming that the victory of the Huns is the only salvation of the monarchy? Both Lisbon and Oporto are smiling—and wondering.

Hobhouse on the Hunt.

Until a few hours before the introduction of the Compulsion Bill, Mr. C. E. Hobhouse was Chairman of the anti-Conscription group in the House. Now he is a firm supporter of the Bill. But he is still *ex*-Postmaster-General!

A Legitimate Growl.

A member of our staff, who has been doing his bit in France for the past 12 months and has now been sent to Salonika, writes:—"We are all united in voicing a protest against the awful food given to the troops on board. Luckily I had a few francs in my pocket, and so was able to buy some decent grub from the pantry. We soon had an insight into what we might expect, for scribbled over the various mess decks you could read, 'This ship is starvation for troops.' Apparently our predecessors fared no better." Our first duty to the troops is to feed them.

Thursday Afternoon.

Don't forget the great Women's Demonstration at the Queen's Hall. In addition to music and speeches, there will be a very striking and beautiful demonstration of women war workers grouped upon the platform, and in the balcony. It is proposed that members of the various uniformed women's associations in the Metropolis—Girl Scouts, Women Signallers, Women Police, Tube Lift Girls and many others—shall march in procession from the Embankment to the Hall. Those who are willing to join should at once apply to Sub-Commandant Beatty, Women's Reserve Ambulance, 199, Piccadilly, W. Mrs. Beatty has a genius for organisation, and her efforts are sure to result in a very fine and striking procession. We shall be there.

He rests well who rests assured. **See page ii of cover.**

Von Bissing.

Strange rumours have reached us regarding Baron von Bissing, the half-brother of the Governor of Brussels —the murderer of Edith Cavell. Is he, or is he not, still interned? Has he lately been seen in the Eastern Counties?

Khaki Shirkers.

What is this we hear about large numbers of men, in order to get out of the Army, committing petty thefts for which they get a few days' imprisonment—and are then discharged from the Service? They should be sent straight off to the firing line.

A Consistent Quaker?

That North-country Quaker (name for the present withheld) who is contracting for the Army in the war and is at the same time concerned with anti-war propaganda, would, we suppose, call himself a Consistent Quaker—or is it a "Conscientious Objector"?

Serum for Statesmen.

Our hearty congratulations to Mr. Balfour. He has just been inoculated with the serum which scotches colds and chills, and is already feeling as fit as a fiddle. Can't someone discover an anti-toxin that would kill the microbe of "flabbiness" in the whole Cabinet?

The "C.O."

We mean the Conscientious Objector—to defending his country, his home and his womenfolk. We have been inundated with correspondence and callers, all complaining of the eleventh hour introduction of this exemption, thousands of honest men—opposed to war—having swallowed their scruples and joined the colours. Yes, the "C.O." must "go"—to the war.

Traitor Princes.

To remove the Duke of Albany and the Duke of Cumberland from the British peerage is a duty the Government will not be allowed to shirk. They are in arms against us, and it is a scandal that they should continue to be "Princes of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." If Mr. Asquith cannot alter his mind and find time to draft a Bill, we must do it for him.

"Let Us Pray."

Dean Weldon has been asking the congregation of Manchester Cathedral to pray for the Kaiser, "that God may show him mercy." That is a way of praying for the Kaiser, certainly, and when his Satanic Majesty gets to the Judgment Seat, we shall make no protest if the prayers of Manchester Cathedral are taken into consideration on verdict and sentence. Meantime, if there really is anything the matter with his throat, *we* should like to operate!

Punished on Promotion.

Glasgow Town Council goes back on its word when it terminates the allowances hitherto made to employees who have earned promotion in the Army. Many of them enlisted on the strength of the promise that they would be granted a proportion of their salary, and it is the height of meanness to penalise a gallant young fellow because he has received a commission. The Army pay of a second-lieutenant is not magnificent, and Glasgow Councillors might well think again before breaking a compact and betraying their own servants.

Bread and Beer.

With bottled beer "up" in price and bread threatened at a shilling the 4 lb. loaf, how in the name of modest living is the man of modest means to "economise"?

And We are at War?

From a London evening paper:—"Mr. ——— still has his trousers pressed with the crease at the side. Sir H ——— in a lounge suit with trousers *not* turned up over patent and cloth-topped boots"!

A Correction.

We find that in our recent Open Letter to the Rev. F. B. Meyer we omitted to give him his full degrees. We find that on the notice board of his church he is described as "the Revd. F. B. Meyer, M.A.—D.D."

Cocoa and Cant.

The phrase has a new meaning. Our cocoa firms are tumbling over each other to deny the soft impeachment that they are feeding the Germans. "It isn't we, it's America!" is the cry. But how *does* America get British cocoa?

War, Not Law.

We should have had a complete blockade before this but for the opposition of the Foreign Office. Sir E. Grey must really understand that we are at war, not law, and that all the neutral can expect is to live as he did, and make no more money than he did, before we set out to conquer the Hun.

A Moral Moratorium.

That men compelled to serve should be relieved of the duty of paying their rent, insurance premiums and the like, while men who have volunteered pay all these things, would be quite unfair. But if we can't have a general moratorium for the fighting man, all of us at home ought to make things as easy as possible for him.

What's This?

"How many people are aware that the young lady who drives the Minister of Munitions about town with such professional skill is a North-country girl who before the war figured as a leader of the Militant Suffragettes? I wonder if D. L. G. knows of it. Anyhow, hats off to the golden-haired chauffeurette!" Thus a correspondent. Does D. L. G. know it? Not 'arf!

Sir Edgar Speyer, P.C.

Those who are objecting to gentlemen of German birth being members of his Majesty's Privy Council have decided to carry on the legal case against Sir Edgar Speyer alone. That puts the Government lawyers in an awkward fix. They will be defending a Privy Councillor who does not want to retain his honours and has declined to return home to defend himself.

The Russian Revival.

Recent events on the Russian front go triumphantly to prove that Lord Kitchener was right, and that in the East "Germany has shot her bolt." Indeed, so marvellous are the resources of our great Ally that it is hard to think how doleful David could have brought himself to believe that she was at the end of her tether. In several directions a vigorous offensive has already been resumed, and it becomes every day more evident that in this direction Germany has passed the zenith of her fortunes. Watch Russia!

British made, best grade, the "John Bull" Pen.

Member for the Navy.

Sir H. Meux is a breezy successor to "Charlie" Beresford. Portsmouth will delight in him. He is all for allowing the Navy a free hand in putting "the grip" on the throat and stomach of Germany.

Carson and Redmond.

Last week we expressed regret that Mr. Redmond had missed a fine opportunity for making political friends with Sir Edward Carson. We observe, however, that Sir Edward, too, is not altogether blameless in this respect. Our attention has been called to the fact that when recently the Nationalists and Unionists of Newry proposed to get up a joint recruiting meeting, Mr. Redmond at once consented to attend, whilst Sir Edward declined. Oh, the pity of it all!

"Those Irish Regiments."

We do hope that Mr. Redmond—and Sir Edward Carson, too, for that matter—will do everything possible to make the "Irish Regiments" really Irish. We now learn that there are no less than three companies from the Channel Islands—two from Guernsey and one from Jersey—serving in these regiments. There are no better soldiers in all the world than the sons of Erin—and we should like to see the strain kept up, free from any outside leavening.

Peace!

The reports that Germany has again made overtures of peace to Russia and Japan, and even to Italy, need not be dismissed as idle rumours. They probably correspond pretty closely to the facts, and it is likely that within the next few weeks such efforts will be renewed and vigorously pressed. Meanwhile, it may be assumed that the main outlines of a general settlement have been provisionally agreed amongst the Allied Powers. But as far as Great Britain is concerned, the last word must rest with the people. As we have so often said, this has been a People's war—and it must be a People's peace.

Russia's Way.

Russia has had her shortage of shells and other munitions, even as we have, but Russia has not made up her mind to say no more about it. Her Parliament has decided, by 345 votes out of 360, to prosecute at once all who are responsible—irrespective of rank or official position. The late Minister of War will figure among the defendants. The feeling is that, unless the guilty are punished, there can be no security against a repetition of their disastrous blunders. This country prefers to hush up its governmental and departmental scandals; we were terribly let down over machine-guns and shells by somebody, but nobody suffered for that ghastly shortage.

The Long Run.

The sympathy of civilised Europe is with little Montenegro, but the main strategy of the Allied Powers is unlikely to be much affected by the course of events in the Balkans, and no transient success in this quarter can compensate the Central Empires for the sure and steady weakening of their position in the principal theatres of war. The real hope for Serbia and Montenegro lies in the coming offensive in the West, and in the marvellous revival of Russia—the Guardian of the Slavs. By their fidelity to the cause of European liberty, these friendly States have given hostages to fortune which in the final settlement shall be fully redeemed.

Careless Courtesy.

The Marquis of Crewe lately "did the honours" to a party of Swedish journalists, inviting them to dinner and paying them all manner of pretty compliments. This was very nice and very harmless, but there the thing should have stopped. Instead, we find that a few days later arrangements were made to take the Scandinavian visitors down to Aldershot, and also to give them a sight of the British Grand Fleet. Knowing what we do of the pro-German attitude of a section of the Swedish people, and especially of the official and literary classes, we are bound to hold that this was a dangerous excess of courtesy. The indiscriminate fêting of neutral visitors has gone a little too far.

Kaiser Back at Front.

Once again you pays your money and you takes your choice. On the one hand, Reuter states that "An official telegram from Berlin states: 'After a complete recovery the Kaiser returned to the theatre of war this afternoon.'" On the other, the Exchange Telegraph Co. remarks that "The Kaiser has had the first outing after his severe illness, when he called upon the Chancellor. . . . There is no question of his visiting the front." Whether he has gone to the front or is still at the back is, however, a matter of small importance. The seriousness of the international situation arises from the fact that the Kaiser is too wicked to live and too wicked to die. He is therefore in a quandary; and the Lord alone knows what will have to be done with him.

More Fame!

Somebody has sent us a copy of the *Eastern Province Herald*—published at Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope—in which we find a long letter from one of the boys with the First S.A. Contingent, describing a visit to the House of Commons. And here is an extract from it:—"I saw Sir James Lowther (the Speaker), H. H. Asquith, Sir E. Grey, McKenna, Bonar Law, John Burns, Birrell and Redmond. However, Lloyd George and Churchill were disappointing absentees; so was Carson. But the most interesting of all was opposite me in the Press Gallery, and he was none other than Horatio Bottomley, of JOHN BULL fame, and he had a most sarcastic grin on his face when Sir F. Banbury opposed the Bill—I think we'll see something of Banbury in the next issue of JOHN BULL."

Other People's Money.

Bristol Magistrates have lost their Clerk; he was "a capable, honest and trustworthy public servant—a gentleman in every sense," but apparently not thrifty, for the City Council is going to make a grant of £700 to his widow. We wish the provision for this lady could be made from some other source; say, from the pockets of the wealthy Councillors, men who handle the City's cash far more generously than their own. And let us put a case to them, to see how genuine is their charity: Suppose old Tom Jones should die—old Tom, that "capable, honest, trustworthy public servant—and gentleman," who has served the Corporation thirty years as a scavenger, on a wage of about a pound a week, so that the old fellow, having a wife and family to keep, has not been able to save a lot. How much would Bristol City Council grant to his widow? Seven hundred *pence?* No, most worthy City fathers. Nor seven hundred farthings. Not one stiver!

A fascinating pastime, making "Bullets."

Strange but True.

We have all the particulars of the case of a young man who has travelled 7,000 miles (from Hyderabad) to help in munition making but cannot find a job. He has spent two years at the Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute, Bombay, learning to be an engineer, and yet the London Labour Exchange, in Catherine Street, Strand, turns him down. Such is the rottenness of the Government machine. Would the Minister of Munitions care to interest himself in this case, which we fear is typical of many? If so, we will gladly send him the facts.

The Free Library.

At Bonnyrigg—delightful Scottish name!—in Midlothian, the Public Library folk were talking of discontinuing some periodicals because so many young men are away. A reverend member of the Committee, Mr. Loudon, remarked that, had he his way, our own modest, unoffending journal would not be allowed in. During the discussion that followed concerning us, he was, perforce, led to admit that he did not read us, and judgment was pronounced against him by the defeat of his motion for our expulsion. We have since, at the request of a Bonnyrigg reader, taken the liberty of introducing ourselves to the reverend gentleman, in the hope that acquaintance may lead to liking. It is unjust, and it is also foolish, to condemn without knowledge.

A German's Daughter.

The Education Committee at Darlington have recommended that the daughter of an interned German should be asked to resign her position as a teacher. Some of the Councillors supported an amendment which, we are glad to say, was defeated, and the debate led to some piquant remarks and disclosures. The Chairman of the Committee said the interned German was his personal friend, and Councillor Crooks talked of "bringing enemies into our schools to pollute them, and then seeing them foisted on the rates." Alderman Leach said the girl did not possess the qualifications necessary, and was only put in out of sympathy. On the other side, Councillor Roberts said it should be remembered that this war would end in some sort of compromise. But perhaps the tit-bit came from the dear lady who said that if the German's daughter were made to resign, such action would be "against the best traditions of Darlington." She *must* have been thinking of Tribisch Lincoln!

"Sarkassum."

Amusingly sarcastic is a communication from a Newcastle reader, who thinks the precautions against aerial attack taken by his city might give a useful lead to other municipalities. The first necessity is that the entire district—with exceptions to be noted—shall be as black as Hades; it makes tired workmen cheerful and swells the casualty list. All the railway sidings which connect with munition factories must be brilliantly illuminated. The factories should blaze with light, and the buzzer is to blow at least nine times during the hours of darkness. This will assist aerial raiders to hear as well as see; pneumatic tools that can be heard at a great distance will also provide useful aid. Workmen's cars ought to be crowded to suffocation and run by inefficient volunteer labour. Trains are to be encouraged to be as late as possible, and they must on no account arrive in time for a man to start work at 6 a.m. The night shift should work from 5 p.m. to 6 a.m., those being the hours when men are most wide-awake and capable of producing the maximum output at the minimum outlay.

Voluntary Compulsion.

Artful is a circular issued by the Managers of Archbishop Sumner's Memorial School, Lambeth. It says: "As the London County Council abolished fees in Elementary Schools on March 31st, 1905 . . . . the Managers have arranged so that parents can make a voluntary contribution every week." They want a penny a week; a coloured receipt will be given, and "parents are requested to see that their children produce it." It looks like the enforcement of a payment abolished by law, for, though the pennies are to be paid voluntarily, the parents are "requested" to get their receipt. A strong objection to the scheme is the position of the poor little kiddies whose parents do not accede to this "voluntary" demand.

"O. Lang" Signs.

Mr. Oscar Langenbach used to be a Director of Henry R. Merton and Co., Ltd., a Company recently scarified by Sir Samuel Evans during some proceedings in the Prize Court. These people were metal-brokers to the British Government, and Mr. Oscar Langenbach was a Director, as we have said. In fact, he is still a Director, but perhaps you would scarcely recognise him in his new name of Oscar Lang. That is why we endeavour to make matters clear. The Company has sent out a private circular, which we think should not be kept private. Let it be known that Messrs. Merton and Co., Ltd., whose "patriotism" is no longer patronised by Government, boasts a Director who finds it expedient to shed his "funny name," and will—as the circular says—in future sign:—"O. Lang." Even "Oscar" might be suspect.

Prime Cuts for Donington.

One of our readers, Coalville way, rightly surmises that we are interested in his news that the champion bullock at the Ashby-de-la-Zouch Christmas sale was purchased for £50. "The same bullock," says he, "was given to the Red Cross sale to be sold at Ashby. It has been bought for £68 by the butcher in the village of Castle Donington, who supplies the meat for the Germhun prisoners at Donington Hall; with this I can't agree, so I am writing to you at once. 'From One who thinks of our Poor Prisoners in Germhuny.'" Apparently the transaction is not official; it is a joint affair between our illustrious guests and the local purveyor of meat, and British soldiers in the prison camps of Germhuny will doubtless take note of the fact that there is at least one butcher in the world who supplies his prisoners with the very best. He takes the bullock by the horns, and lo, there is plenty!

The Bogus Manager.

Surely there are organisations in the theatrical profession strong enough to deal out the drastic punishment that is deserved by those defaulting managers who leave poor chorus girls stranded in big towns miles away from their own homes. Yet another story of disaster comes to us concerning a pantomime company that played, during Christmas time, at a theatre in East Anglia. Twenty-two chorus girls attended rehearsals for two weeks without payment, in accordance with the grinding rule of the profession, and the pantomime was played for one week, including three matinées, and two houses nightly. The girls say they performed to packed houses, and that a great deal of money was taken. But on Saturday they were handed one sovereign apiece, informed that the show was closed down, and that, as the manager was a bankrupt, nothing more could be done for them. Responsible managers should combine to stamp out a wickedness that disgraces their order.

No sensible reader misses page ii of cover.

The Sword Club.

What and who are the Sword Club, of 1a, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square? It is now circularising officers on leave and who "would care to fence" to become temporary members; and amongst the list of honorary town, country and other members we find such names as the following:—P Anspach, Hubert von Blizenburgh, B. Breittmayer, E. J. Buhan, A. Feyerick, J. Holzchuch, Count Pontus von Rosen, and P. J. Eisenmann. Doubtless good Britishers, all; for do not the Rules provide that "only gentlemen who are British subjects shall be qualified to become members of the Club"? Which only shows that you cannot judge a man by either the coat that he wears or the name that he bears.

Bournemouth and the Soldiers.

We have three bones to pick with Bournemouth. In the first place, the Borough Council have refused to permit troops to drill on part of the Queen's Park Golf Links, while acres of land are taken from neighbouring farms for that purpose. As soldiers must drill, it is surely better to sacrifice a few games than many crops. The second matter is concerned with the Tramway Company, who have withdrawn permission for wounded soldiers to pay half-fares only. The Red Cross Hospital at Christchurch is obliged to send men into Bournemouth for numerous purposes, including interviews with dental surgeons, X-ray photography, exercise, recreation and entertainment. The imposition of full fares makes the expense of these journeys, so the hospital authorities say, "prohibitive." Surely the trams are remunerative enough to permit wounded men in blue hospital uniform to travel at half-price? That is, if any charge at all need be made.

The Third Count.

A good deal of credit is due to the Corporation of Bournemouth for the enterprise and skill with which they have developed their beautiful estate, nor can it be denied that for the most part the reputation of the town as an up-to-date health and pleasure resort is eminently well-deserved. This being so, it is the more regrettable that in one particular an astounding degree of laxity should have been shown. We refer to the primitive sewerage arrangements, which result in an offensive outflow in the neighbourhood of the pier, causing a shock of surprise and disgust to visitors, and affording a serious cause of complaint to permanent residents—who in some instances are threatening to leave the town. The matter is an unpleasant one, and we have no wish to labour it. A friendly word may perhaps suffice.

A Belgian Refugee.

A Belgian refugee has a quaint notion of the fitness of things. Apparently he is a young and strong man, for he tells us that English people worry him by asking why he is not with the Belgian troops. He wants us to explain, and to make the matter clear for him, as it is one he thinks should be widely known. "By the constitutional laws of Belgium," he says, "I cannot be called up—because I am married!" And he goes on, with quite remarkable gravity, to suggest that the British Government should give him a khaki armlet—"just like Englishmen who have attested." He feels it would avoid all trouble with the people he is living with. "Any kind of armlet will do, if only it proves that I am free of any military service." We think that refugee is labouring under a colossal delusion. What he needs is not a British armlet on his arm, but a Belgian uniform on his back.

Brighton and Charity.

We recently commented on the paucity of the collections at some of the Brighton hotels on last Hospital Sunday. But it is pointed out to us that on that particular day the visitors probably contributed generously whilst at church. We confess that we had forgotten that Brighton hotel visitors always go to church on Sundays. In any case, however, there is one establishment down there where the stream of charity flows in a perennial flood tide—the Royal York Hotel, whose chief, the great little Harry Preston, is always doing good by stealth—and must now blush to find it fame.

The Word of Value.

Sir Edward Clarke was once a successful barrister; he seems something of a failure as a patriot. He hates the idea of young clergymen becoming soldiers—"clamouring to go into the barrack-yard for three or four months to practise bayonet exercise until they are capable of killing their fellow-men." And he hopes—forgetful of all charity—that, if any do go, the Bishops will "take care that they did not return to the posts they had deserted." One of our readers, a soldier in training, comments on this:—"Ochone! Ochone! have I left my comfortable home in Bonnie Scotland to fight for men like Sir Edward Clarke?" We commend that simple utterance to Sir Edward. It comes from a man who is doing something of real value, and it is worth the consideration of men whose talk is idle except when it is dangerous.

Cravens.

The No-Conscription Fellowship has printed some fallallish flap-doodle which it calls a Manifesto. It is signed by ten persons who declare they are "young men," and then take several paragraphs to say, several times over, that they decline to do anything whatsoever to help—their resolution to stand apart and do nothing being "solemn and unalterable." It is a poor production, this manifesto of theirs; it labours to be literary, it is very serious, affectedly earnest, and remarkably absurd. But the Fellowship that issues it offers a refuge to any cowards that the country may contain, and some "branches" are already formed. The authorities should therefore note that the parent tree is rooted at Merton House, Salisbury Square, E.C., where may be found at least ten "young men" who appear to require some form of gentle persuasion.

Challenging the Lyons.

Sir Joe Lyons and Co. ought to prick up their ears at this: Mr. Laurance Morton, "as a much-travelled man who has visited possibly every centre and place of interest in the three Continents, from the Upper Nile to the Lower Thames," writes us to say that the average London tea-shop is the most mournful, uncomfortable establishment on God's fair earth. "The Continental *café* is the fulcrum of civic life, where music, laughter, women's smiles, and every form of rational entertainment is to be had for a few sous; all this sort of thing is taboo in London, where customer and servant alike appear to be in a state of chronic sulk." It should be explained to Mr. Morton that it is contrary to the Methodist religion to imitate the Continental manner: that consequently women's smiles, light, life and laughter are strictly prohibited in the average London tea-shop; and that those of us who yearn for women's smiles and all the rest of it do not patronise average tea-shops. Evidently Mr. Morton needs a chaperon.

"Pen o' my heart," the "John Bull" Pen.

THE HUNS AT OUR MERCY.

TRUST THE NAVY AND ARMY—A FREE HAND WITH NO INTERFERENCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

We are in the eighteenth month of war. How do we stand; what have we gained, what have we lost? What do we need to win the war? These are all vital questions. On a frank acknowledgment of our mistakes, a candid confession of the points that tell against us, coupled with a resolute determination to make good our failures and our losses, depends whether 1916 sees the end of strife or whether the full cycle of the seasons will find us still in arms against the foe. We have to win this war; honour and self interest demand it Whatever the sacrifice, whatever the cost in men and money, we must "see this thing through" to triumph. And let me say, here and now once more, that I have undying faith in the spirit of our men and in our determination as a people. That form of optimism which is based upon a belief in the truths of history and in the unconquerable patriotism of the British people is a sane and calculated optimism. What is more, it is shared by Lord Kitchener. Too little notice has been taken of that written statement of the Secretary for War that the fourth million of men voted by Parliament and already ensured under the Derby scheme and the Compulsion Act will be sufficient to win through to victory. And Lord Kitchener has never yet deceived the nation.

EARLY BLUNDERS.

I have no desire to reopen, at present, the story of our early blunders. Think of the position. We had stopped the headlong rush of a foe who for a quarter of a century had prepared for "The Day"; we had used our last man and almost literally our last shell in making the Kaiser's boast of eating his Christmas dinner in Paris a vaunt of Hunnish emptiness. And then we had to wait; fighting when fighting was inevitable, conserving the ammunition which was dribbled out from week to week; looking to the Government at home and the labour of the "shops" to revitalise the Army. That is one of the tragic pages of the eighteen months—a page dark with the blood of gallant men, and dark also with a story of ineptitude and disorganisation at home. I look back upon the past only to reap the lessons for the future. The Government *must* learn those lessons, or the course of the war will not be as straight to success and conquest as it could be and should be if only those who are in power would benefit by past mistakes and set aside all that is against a speedy victory. The first lesson, then, that the fighting taught us was that a nation—however gallant—which is unprepared risks the danger of defeat. By a miracle we averted defeat, but we courted it again by slackness in high places and by incapacity in the Government generally. We are all for the war—oh, yes, and have been since Britain announced her ultimatum to Germany on August 4th, 1914. But you cannot be for the war unless you work for the war, and even to day, when Parliament brings its labours to a close after eighteen months of muddle and impotence, we are conscious that all is not well. Only the sound sense of the nation as a whole has saved a crisis over Compulsion; only the patriotism of the bigger and the better part of the House of Commons has spared Mr. Asquith and his Cabinet of 22 from the fate that overtakes men of many minds when they should be all of one mind. This is not to say that the nation has not done wonders. It has; it has time and again made good the mistakes of the politicians. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, have responded to the many and the varied appeals of the Government with unquestioning obedience. In spite of insults, the working men have proved themselves in the main—in the big and vast majority—sound and loyal in heart and in arm. Only those who, like myself, have been up and down the country talking to the working man, seeing him at his task and seeing him in his brief hours of leisure, know how he has sacrificed his health in order to "pull out" and accelerate production. There are black sheep among them—just as there are in the House of Commons and in the Government—men who are not stern for war, men who slack in labour, just as others slack in mind and decision. But Labour has done its bit. And when in the Spring comes that "great push" for which the lathe and the hammer have been preparing as effectively as the trench digger and the gunner, Labour will join hands with the Army in winning the prize of victory. We have not progressed in the months that are gone: we have lost battles and we have failed to turn small advantages into useful victories. But we have gained a nation in arms. We have won already a great victory—the victory of a vast Army created out of moral force and not born of compulsion; and if only the men who muddled in 1915 will be worthy of 1916, the end is in sight.

SOLDIER AND SAILOR *v.* POLITICIAN.

War by politicians is weak war, a war of "wait and see," a war of expediency. War by the fighting men is relentless war. Yes, if need be, ruthless war. That is the only warfare that will win Armageddon. Gallipoli, Macedonia, Mesopotamia—those are the bloody failures of the politician. Serbia lost because the Cabinet "let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" Gallipoli failed because the politician set himself up against the sailor and the soldier—against Lord Fisher and Lord Kitchener—and gambled with the lives of our gallant fellows from home and from the Dominions beyond the seas. Mesopotamia has become a nightmare because the politician wanted to offset Baghdad against Constantinople Thank God, better advice ultimately prevailed, and we retired from the corpse strewn sands of Suvla and Anzac, leaving the Ghosts of Gallipoli

standing sentinel over the graves of the gallant dead.

Concentration in men, in money, and in mind—these are the lessons taught at so much cost in lives and treasure to the "Wait and Seers," to the Doubting Thomases, and the Hide the Truthers who have appointed themselves rulers over us. I should not mind if they really ruled; if they showed, though at this late hour, that they really understood the business of war and the duty of the Government. The business of war is for the soldier and the sailor; the duty of the politician to let the fighting men do the fighting unhampered by thoughts or considerations for anything but winning the war. If the Government even now will only consent to stand aside and let the Navy and the Army finish the job in their own way, we may be shouting joy in the streets of London and Berlin before the Spring is over. We have made a muddle of our diplomacy—hampered the Army and lost allies. The people at home have tried to believe in the muddlers, have shut their eyes to their stupidities and their weaknesses. If the fighting men had been given a free hand the day we declared war on the Germhun, we should never have suffered the scandal and danger of the enemy in our midst; we should have speedily seen a nation organised for war—every man of us, rich and poor, a worker or a soldier; and our Navy would have put its strangle hold on the throat and stomach of the enemy. Public opinion has driven the Government, whimpering and protesting, into every decisive step it has taken.

GIVE THE NAVY A CHANCE.

We can win the war now—speedily, decisively—if the grand old Navy is allowed to exert its power to the full. What is our Navy for? Why have we spent millions upon millions, year after year, in building up the biggest fleet the world has ever seen? Why have patriotic men fought the Little Englander and the Little Navyite so that we might build against, and outbuild, the Kaiser's ships now skulking in the Kiel Canal? First, it was to keep open for ourselves the trade and the food routes of the sea in time of war, so that we could get munitions for our soldiers and provisions for our people. All that we have done, and more, for we have made possible the supply of all our Allies, both with food and war material We have kept the seas for Civilisation. Without the British Navy, Germany would have won in a week. But the British Navy's purpose and duty do not end there. While it keeps the seas for our friends, it closes it to our foes. That is what it was built for. But Sir E. Grey and his colleagues have refused to allow our sailors to put forth their full strength. The country is beginning to understand the criminal enormity of this weakness. I warn Mr. Asquith and his company of muddlers that the country will not stand it much longer. I have been loyal to the Coalition—as loyal as any man living. I have been against a General Election because it would stir ill will and set up anger; I did my best to warn the Government against the lurking dangers of their Compulsion Bill. They took the hint, and the safeguards for the working man have removed all risk of industrial trouble. But we are up against a far worse menace than the suspicions of Labour; we are feeding the Germans. What does that mean? It means that because the British Navy is not permitted to stop every ship which is carrying merchandise and food to the enemy we are helping the Germhun to prolong this ghastly war. There are apologists for this weakness both inside the Cabinet and out. But facts and figures speak for themselves. They show that Holland and Sweden and Denmark, all the countries through which food and clothing, machinery and merchandise can pass to the Germhuns, are importing millions of tons more than they did before the war. Let us make all allowance for the loss to these countries of goods from Germany—for the fact that the enemy is selling next to nothing to the neutrals. But the neutrals of Europe are buying in gigantic quantities, and much of what they buy is sold at huge profits to Germany. All that could be stopped! We are not spending the lives of our lads and impoverishing our country just to fill the pockets of the delightful Dutch, the gentle Swede, or the hard-headed and calculating American. This sort of thing has been going on long enough.

DON'T FORGET.

The Government is responsible. Don't forget that Parliament refused to pass a code of international rules called the Declaration of London because that code, made largely to please Germany, weakened the hands of the Navy. And don't forget that the late Government went behind the back of Parliament and put that code in operation after war began; and don't forget that it proved such a scandalous weakening of our rights and our strength that since the Coalition came into being that code has been scrapped. But there it was: it shows the want of ruthlessness, the absence of the true war mind and spirit in the lawyer-politician. And then don't forget Cotton. Cotton is an essential ingredient for high explosive shells. Yet for months we could not get Sir E. Grey and the other Mandarins of the Ministry to issue an order to the Fleet to see that not another bale of cotton went into Germany. That old mole, Lord Haldane, actually said it was no use stopping cotton, because if we did Germany could find a substitute! The Coalition muddlers have been as stubborn and dense as those of the previous Ministry—and so to day, after eighteen months of war, the world knows, our men in the trenches know, our fighting Allies know, that rather than offend neutrals growing fat out of our peril and adversity we are allowing the very necessaries of life—millions of bushels of wheat and maize, millions of barrels of flour, hundreds of thousands of pairs of boots, and millions of pounds of bacon—to go into Germany to make sure the feet of the Hun as he marches to fight our men, and to make comfortable the stomach within him. I repeat, this could all be stopped, and the neutral would have no just cause of complaint. Let us allow only given quantities to pass to Dutch and Scandinavian ports. Then we should be putting the strangle-hold on Germany; then, indeed, the cry of "We hunger; stop the war that is starving us!" would be heard in the land of the Hun. That is how to win the war. It is the only way.

A FOOLS' PARADISE.

VENGEANCE WITHOUT MERCY—AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

BY A. G. HALES.

A fools' paradise may be a very pleasant place to reside in—for fools. Have we in Britain erected such an abode for ourselves, and is our awakening near at hand? Are we going to have the rudest shock of the century? There are well-informed men in this country who argue that such is the case, and they maintain that even now it is too late for us completely to stave off the evil day. It is asserted that Germany is now almost ready to put into effect her long-planned blow at our biggest manufacturing cities, by means of her aerial navy, and that we have no adequate means of dealing with the danger. If this proves to be correct, the public cannot level against JOHN BULL the charge that it did not in good time give the Government plain-spoken warning. Again and again, for many months, in these columns the peril has been pointed out, and attention has ceaselessly been drawn to our enemy's untiring efforts to make himself master of the air, even as we were, and are, masters of the seas. We preached to deaf ears, and were met with silent mockery; we who write for this journal were told that we were alarmists, shouting "Wolf!" where wolves were not. But we barked like honest watchdogs; and now I, for one, do not think it is too late, if the nation will only wake up quickly and demand that every great manufacturing centre shall do its level best to protect itself. We know what British energy is capable of when once it is stirred to activity; the trouble is that it takes unconscionable efforts to arouse it properly from sluggishness. One big German aerial raid over Manchester or Birmingham will do more to knock the scales from the eyes of our people than all the thunderings from press or platform. There is incontrovertible eloquence in a bomb that rips and tears body and soul asunder; and, unless the experts have all gone mad, we stand in sore peril of getting many bombs in the immediate future. Our splendid Navy has done much in checking the submarine assassinations practised at the command of the German War Council, and our arch-enemy means to make reprisals from the air. He was bent on aerial murder from the first, as his preparations prove, but he will make our mastery of the ocean the excuse for all he may do as soon as the air currents favour his designs.

HOW THE ENEMY PAVES THE WAY.

America and every other neutral country of importance has been flooded with literature bubbling over with allegations of our barbarity—we were starving German women and children by our blockade; we were, and are, a nation of ruthless monsters, bent on conquest at any price, and noble Germany had elected to punish us and free the world of British tyranny. Leading publicists in the immaculate Fatherland shrieked similar things from printed pages. Prominent statesmen thumped their desks in the Reichstag and called Heaven to witness that they swore to make Britain suffer, but they each and all said they would drop no hint of how this was to be done. *How can they hurt us except from the air?* They cannot touch us from the sea to any great extent, because their Navy dare not come out and fight. On land, they now have to face armies as ready for battle as their own; if the Germans mean anything by all this recent threatening, they mean they will make war on our cities from the air; it is the only way open to them. Three things they hope to achieve by that line of tactics. Firstly, blind and bitter vengeance on us for our maritime blockade—they will kill and maim as many of our civil population as they possibly can; that is the real meaning of all this talk about British starvation of German women and children. Secondly, they are now set on a war against property; the weight of British money is a thing that has nonplussed them ever since war became an actual fact—the more property they can destroy, the more they think they weaken us and the better chance they think they have of bringing us to terms of premature peace. Thirdly, they aim at putting an end to as much of our industrial life as possible; every spindle put out of action in our cotton factories means so much gain to them—and so it is with regard to every other trade which keeps our population busy and brings gold from overseas to these shores.

SMALL RAIDS NO CRITERION.

The small raids of the past are no guides to future operations; Germany has not spent millions on aerial craft for mere raiding purposes—those isolated Zeppelins *were training to act as pilots* for the big fleet they have ready and waiting. Ninety per cent. of the stories about lost Zeppelins are falsehoods. Have we ever captured a Zeppelin? If so, why have we not copied it and built some for our own use? Now they have the Fokker machine, the light cavalry of the air, and what they can do in combination with the Zeppelins we may soon know. That they will try and devastate London is beyond all doubt, for London has a name known to all the earth, and it is time we began to ask ourselves earnestly what can be done for the protection of the populace. Shall we wait and see? If so, many of us may wait and feel! The only way to fight air-craft is to go up in the air and give them battle, and the proper place to give them battle is on the coast—not over one of our cities. We do not yet know how good or how bad our own aerial fleet is, for it has never been given a free hand to prove its worth. We may have evolved craft as good as the Fokker, and our German enemy may get the shock of his life; but so far as we know, the honours of war in the air lie with the foe. We want, and we must have, our air service in the hands of a practical airman, just as from the outset the Navy should have been in the hands of a sailor, and the Army in the grip of a soldier. *We have fooled with the war too long!* There has been too much political and other patronage.

NO MERCY FOR MARAUDERS.

Should the aerial fleet of our foe attack, several hundreds strong, one or two of our big cities simultaneously—which I consider probable—we are bound to suffer in lives and property, and suffer more or less heavily according to the fighting value of our air fleet; but in any event it should be made plain to the foe that we and our Allies will exact an eye for an eye. We must throw sentiment to the dogs, and do to them what they do to us—and worse. They also have cities to burn and people to destroy, and we must remember that it is not only the Kaiser and the Junkers with whom we are at war, but the whole Germanic people. If the German nation were not behind the Royal homicide and his Junkers, both tooth and nail, he and they would not have dared to have carried into effect their policy of rapine and ruin. But the German people *are* at the back of the military caste in all they do; they exult in the infamies of their Army and Navy—and we must strike them if they strike us through our cities.

KITCHENER'S NEXT ARMY.

FROM SCHOOLBOY TO SOLDIER.—SCHEME TO SAVE THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM.

By Charles Palmer (late Editor of *The Globe*).

In peace Germany prepared for war and caught us unprepared; in war we must prepare for peace and so make war, if not impossible in the future, at any rate more risky for the foe who dares to will it. To make war needs men; to make war unlikely we want men and hundreds of thousands of them. Lord Kitchener realises in a new if very real sense that the future of this country depends on the lads of Great Britain. To alter the old metaphor, "The boy is father to the soldier." And we can secure the soldier through the cadet. Let me explain what it is that the War Secretary has in mind; what is the scheme he is anxious to see carried into effect throughout Great Britain. For a long while the cadet movement in this country has been largely confined to our big public schools. The cadet battalions which were formed in years past have become the Officers' Training Corps (the "O.T.C.") of to-day. In addition, in certain parts of England—notably in Sussex—the cadet movement has met with a large amount of success, and the fighting forces of the Crown have been fed in the hour of the supreme call by the errand boy, the farm lad, the office boy who, if you like, "played at soldiers" in these cadet corps. He learned to shoulder a rifle, he came to understand discipline and to delight in it; he enjoyed his drill, his mind was taught to answer, with that precision which is the making of an effective soldier, the word of command. In short, he learned to love soldiering, and when the cry was "Your King and country need you!" he was the first to answer.

War Secretary's Desire.

Think what would have been the position of this country if at the moment of the supreme call—instead of hundreds—thousands, yes, and millions, had been in the position and enjoyed the military knowledge of these gallant young cadets. I very much question whether lurid advertisements and eloquent appeals, whether alternate threats and cajolery, would have been needed to complete our wonderful "Kitchener's Army" if Great Britain had been a land of cadets; a land in which every youngster had done his bit with a rifle. "K. of K." wants us to make good that omission, and so kindle with renewed fires that splendid flame of patriotism expressed in citizen service, and also lay, after the war, what so many regard as the spectre of Conscription. But now is the time; now, when the nation realises that there is a greater spectre than the fear of universal compulsory service—the dread figure of invasion.

The Next Challenge.

By the might of our Navy, by the steady assertion of the strength of the Allied arms, we shall secure for a time the peace of the world. But what happened in August, 1914, will some day happen again. And we must be prepared. We have the means to our hand. Lord Kitchener, I know, sees in a great and overwhelming development of the cadet movement the building up of the ramparts of our manhood so that we may withstand any future foe. He realises, too, that this is the time, this the moment in which to begin the "great push forward," to organise in every parish of our great towns, in every hamlet in the country, in every row of scattered cottages where the man of the future is the lad of to-day, units of the cadet movement.

Australasia and South Africa have tested the value of the cadet. Their defensive systems are founded upon him. The United States has in contemplation a scheme which will give her a million of these lads, taught to understand the use of the rifle, quick to respond to the word of command, ready and willing to submit to that discipline without which great bodies of combatants are but as a rabble.

In Time of War.

Germany, our present enemy—and who knows our hereditary foe?—is taking time by the forelock, is looking to the discipline and training of the schoolboy from his sixth year. Think of the time and the lives, to say nothing of the money, we should have saved if only we could have speeded up the process of making the volunteer the finished soldier! If the desires of Lord Kitchener are fulfilled, and a great wave of endeavour passes over this country, every lad from 14 to 19 can become a soldier not only in the making but nearly made. I am not even contemplating at this moment a compulsory cadet service. I know that the British lad who has loved to be a Boy Scout is now yearning to be taught the ways of the soldier. Universal military training which that splendid patriot, Lord Roberts, urged upon our deaf ears, is the way to save compulsory military service. Already the War Office has raised from 17 to 19 the age at which a lad can remain in a Cadet Corps. This means that while a youth does not join the Army until he has reached his 19th year—many a gallant lad, bless him! has perjured his patriotic soul and crept to the colours in recent months under a "terminological inexactitude" as to the date on his birth certificate—he can continue learning soldiering as a cadet until he is ready, if he is willing, to join the Army.

How the Scheme Works.

A lad, in the evening, in his spare time, without in any way interfering with his school or his work, joins with his fellows in learning the essential elements of soldiering. He is under kindly, but firm and capable officers; he becomes a better, a brighter and a healthier boy, thanks to the discipline and the training. Where the Cadet Corps flourish the employers ask for cadets; they know they can be trusted. Liverpool, which has its Cadet Corps, has under its Education Department formed classes for a joint course of military and physical drill, with miniature rifle shooting in evening continuation schools. The Essex Education Committee have adopted a scheme to provide Cadet Corps for the boys attending all elementary schools in the county, working as in all other instances in conjunction with the Territorial Associations. Perhaps the day will come when the cadets will not only be encouraged by the War Office, but will be equipped at the expense of the country. At present, practically ... the funds have to be provided by well-wishers of the movement. But the cadets are a recognised force; they are under King's Regulations. Lord Kitchener wants to see a great move forward, and if only the public will respond and the country is really aroused to the importance of the organisation and its immense possibilities for maintaining the voluntary system and building up an immense reserve for voluntary service, the Cadet Corps of to-day will become the Army of to-morrow.

A DISGRACEFUL CASE.

HOW A CHILD WAS EXPLOITED AND PERSECUTED.

One of the most shameless and heartless prosecutions which have come to our notice for a considerable time has been disposed of during the past few days at the West London Police Court. Mr. William Jones Lewis, one of the partners in the Midland Collieries Association, appeared to support it as a witness, so far as we know without qualms and without blushing. Here are the facts. Ethel Ball, now 16, was engaged at 15 years of age, "to take orders, receive money, and generally look after the office," a branch in Gloucester Road, Kensington. That is to say, this child was in sole charge, and Mr. William Jones Lewis and his partners—in all probability making large war profits out of their business as coal merchants—paid her the unconscionable wage of 7s. a week and worked her from 8.15 in the morning to 6.15 at night. One day somebody, no matter who, paid £2 17s. for two tons of coal delivered. The child gave the customer a receipt, but, according to the prosecution, did not account for or hand over the money. In point of fact, weeks elapsed before the matter was mentioned to her at all, and she then said she did not remember anything about it. In the meantime "she had received moneys and always accounted for them." There was the further fact that the business of the office was carried on with sloppy laxity. A cash-book was not supplied until August 30th—before that the child had to make cash entries on envelopes—and yet upon the ground that there was no entry of the amount in the cash-book on September 1st, when it is alleged to have been paid, and that the money, to use the child's term, "must be mislaid somewhere," she is dragged by Mr. William Jones Lewis and his partners of the Midland Collieries Association into a police-court to answer to a charge of embezzlement—embezzlement from an office where "any money paid was kept by the defendant herself, or in an open drawer," and where even an office boy also received it and gave receipts.

MANAGERIAL RESPONSIBILITY REWARDED.

In such circumstances as these we do not think we exceed the language of appropriate description in describing the prosecution of this child by Mr. William Jones Lewis and his partners of the Midland Collieries Association as shameless and heartless. There was not the smallest evidence to show that the child had been spending or giving away money not her own; except for this one item, her record in the office before and after it was unaccounted for was irreproachable; and the employer of her parents, who had known her from her earliest years, appeared to say that she is a thoroughly good girl. On the evidence we believe she is. We do not believe she appropriated this money, although she *was* the General Manager of the branch at 7s. a week. This is what the Magistrate believes. "To say the least," he said, "it is very hard that, on no better evidence than that produced, you should be placed in the dock, and if I had been your employer I would not have run the risk of charging you on such evidence. There is certainly no evidence on which anybody could convict you of being a thief. I don't consider you anything of the kind, and you are discharged.

A NICE BERTH—TO BE OUT OF.

Apparently, Mr. William Jones Lewis and his parners of the Midland Collieries Association wanted to ruin the whole life of this poor child, whom they were sweating in their office ten hours a day for 7s. a week, by putting her into gaol. What a businesslike business for decent people with a character to lose to work in! What nice, considerate, generous souls to work for! Mr. William Jones Lewis and his partners of the Midland Collieries Association ought to be ashamed of themselves, if there is any shame in them. For our part, we would not purchase a penn'orth of coal from a firm like that if we had to warm ourselves for the rest of our lives by huddling around a farthing dip. For Mr. William Jones Lewis and his partners of the Midland Collieries Association we have nothing except contempt.

SOME LADIES OF SUEZ.

THE STORY OF AN INSULT TO KHAKI.

The scene was Suez; the time was last Christmas Day. At a certain hotel there were the usual dinner-parties in the public room. Adjacent was the private room where the General and his wife were at dinner. Just as the first course was served in the big room, in at the front door of the hotel entered two of our sons in khaki, a sergeant-major and a sergeant. Their Christmas Day duty had been to ride forty-two miles across the desert, with despatches. Their duty was finished when they had handed in those despatches to the General, but they waited outside his door while he read them. In a few minutes the old officer appeared, thanked the two non-coms., and told them to sit down and have a good meal. He knew they had earned it. So he instructed the waiter to see that his soldier lads were properly attended to.

So far, the reader will perceive this is quite a nice, topical Army story, with a Christmassy flavour of good-will. We are sorry to have to spoil it now. For, no sooner were those two men seated, and about to attack the dinner they had so well earned, than up rose all the ladies in the room in a state of high indignation. Out into the hall they marched, with their noses elevated in the air, and they informed the astonished waiters that they would finish their dinners when the common soldiers were done, for they, as perfect ladies, were not accustomed to dining at the same table with mere, ordinary, common soldier men. Haughty and hot, those high-born dames deemed themselves horribly insulted.

The General heard the disturbance, and passed into the big room to inquire what was the matter. He was told. "Then," says an eye-witness of this fine scene, "you should have seen the dear old chap's eyes!" "So," said the General, "these women are set upon teaching me manners, are they?—Waiter! Please place two more covers at this table, and my wife and I will entertain these two gentlemen."

We understand that the ladies of Suez, accompanied by their husbands, left the hotel before many hours had passed, the hint having been dropped that their departure would be welcome. It is quite possible that, in any circumstances, they would not have ventured to remain to face the situation after so public and so perfect a lesson in table deportment, manners, and decency. Women of such outrageous vanity, so vulgarly rude, needed to be told—and told sharply, like a slap in the face—that the "common soldier" is not to be insulted. It is good to know that a fine old General was on hand to administer the necessary castigation so promptly.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

A GUILEFUL GARB FOR GERMAN GOODS.

Patriotic Britishers will do well to scrutinise with great care goods marked as made in neutral countries. A Birmingham reader sends us an incandescent gas mantle, labelled "The Agamco (Reg. Trade Mark No. 361668) Made in Holland." On opening the box of tricks—for such it turned out to be—there was discovered a mantle blurred with some paint-like substance on the spot obviously intended to bear the name of the place of origin. Suspicion being naturally aroused, an investigation of the box was made, with the result that the presence of a plain piece of paper, of the same colour as the cardboard, was detected—but so firmly affixed to the box that no ordinary purchaser would be likely to take the trouble to detach it, even if aware of its presence. When removed, however, it was seen that the box had had originally printed on it "Ausschuss Seconds. Made in Germany." Thus are our people being cruelly deceived into providing the Huns with the sinews of war. Who is responsible for permitting this stuff to enter the country? A most casual examination would have detected the blur on the mantle itself, and thus aroused suspicion.

Mr. Bottomley keeps pounding away in "Everywoman's Weekly."

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

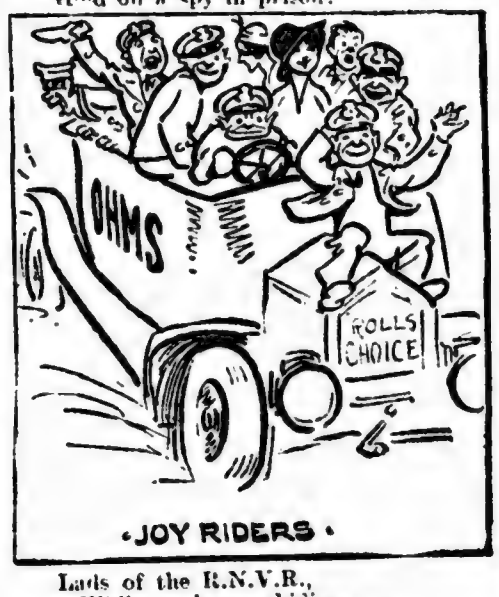
Topers daily grow more rare
(Hatters dread the omen)
But they still remain the wear
Of the foremost showmen.

Statisters the fact may scout
(Still the slaves of faction!)
But the Press, without a doubt,
Spurred them into action.

America (too proud to fight)
To greater heights has risen—
She proves too proud to keep a tight
Hold on a spy in prison!

Proud that burly "slop" must be,
Who, as day was dawning,
"Coped" a tearful milkmaid. He
Might have given her warning.

Here we treat the trading Hun
With positive affection:
The very Board of Trade seems run
For alien foes' protection.



Lads of the R.N.V.R.,
Whilst at home abiding,
Might remember that there are
Limits to joy riding.

LAMENTABLE LENITY.

HOUSES THAT MAY HARBOUR HUNS.

In unedifying contrast to the sharp penalties frequently imposed upon British subjects charged with slight infringements of the Defence of the Realm Regulations are the light sentences lately awarded to alien boarding-house keepers failing to keep an accurate register of their lodgers. For example, at the Marylebone Police Court, Christian Schuler, described as "a registered German," was found guilty of an offence of this nature in respect of an Austrian subject who had lived for six months in his house; and although the whole circumstances of the case were calculated to excite grave suspicion, a fine of 20s. was considered sufficient punishment. Nor, as far as we know, have any steps been taken to deprive Schuler of the opportunity of affording a safe asylum to his fellow-Huns. Similarly inadequate was the fine of 20s. imposed at the same Court upon Johanna Omanovie, in respect of a like offence upon a more extended scale. At the Thames Police Court the fines seem to have ranged somewhat higher, but we fancy it will take more than £5 to impress persons with such names as William Frankel and Hyman Karpel with the sanctity of English law. The neglect to enter in a register the names and nationality of alien lodgers, with the other required particulars, ought not to be regarded as a technical or venial offence.

THE INCOME TAX.

The Income Tax! The Income Tax!
Ah, sweet, seductive sound,
The voice that asks the man of means
For half-a-crown per pound!
And he—that lucky, wealthy man—
Should pay up with a grin:
Instead, he bids the maid to say
That master isn't in.

Could any mortal pick his fate
When his life-star first waxes,
Who'd choose to be the fellow that
Collects the income taxes?
His brothers cut him when he calls
And scorn his protestations;
And all his richest relatives
With him have no relations.

The Income Tax! The Income Tax!
In days of debts and owings,
When income does not in come, but
It's nearly all outgoings!
As for its vile collector, when
His rat-tats with their din come,
The only chap who cries, "Come in!"
Is he that hath no income!

RICHARD [illegible]

Six readers share our Football Prize. Your turn next.

A BRITISH ATROCITY.

RECOMMENDATIONS FOR THE ORDER OF THE BOOT.

When Private Jones, of Llangollen, went on active service with the Denbighshire Territorials his wife, with nine young children, endeavoured to eke out her slender means by dealing in rags and bones. It might have been better if she had let the little ones go short of food, or trusted to the chances of charity, but that was not the way of Mary Jones. Energetically she plied her humble trade until one day she made a sad mistake. For ninepence she bought an overcoat from a boy who was afterwards convicted of stealing it. As soon as she found that the lad had come by the coat dishonestly, she made haste to return it to its owner, but it was too late. The police were on the scent, and, in due course, the episode was related to the Ruabon Magistrates. Mary Jones was placed on trial as a "receiver of stolen goods," and, after a perfunctory hearing, in which her guilty knowledge seems to have been taken for granted, was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. As honest a woman as ever walked, if the reports of her neighbours are to be credited, and one against whom there was certainly no hint of previous wrong-doing, this wife of a British soldier was torn from the midst of her young family and hustled off to Shrewsbury Gaol.

Now for the tragic sequel. The news of his wife's cruel fate reached Private Jones at Norwich, and, as soon as he could obtain leave of absence from military duties, the poor man hurried to Llangollen in the hope, perhaps, that his intercession might prove of some slight avail. By the time of his arrival, however, the Ruabon Magistrates had completed their work, and Jones was too late even to take leave of the unhappy prisoner. That he grieved deeply over the wrong done to his wife and the sorrow brought upon his home is certain. With a heavy heart he returned to Norwich. A few days later he fell ill and was admitted to hospital. His malady was beyond the reach of the doctors. The end came with a stroke of apoplexy. Before Mary Jones was released from Shrewsbury Gaol, the dead body of her broken-hearted husband was carried home to Llangollen to await burial. The hand of Fate had added the finishing stroke to the work of the Ruabon Bench.

The Magistrates not only deprived the poor woman of the "benefit of the doubt," to which she was by law entitled, but robbed her too of the option of a fine, which might to some extent have saved her reputation—and, perhaps, her husband's life. It would be hard to find a more outrageous scandal in the whole of the sullied annals of the Great Unpaid.

HUMMING FOR HUNS.

A HINT FOR THE WAR OFFICE.

We have been told of many methods adopted for luring the Hun to his doom. The latest, related by Mr. Herman Darewski, the popular composer, is both amusing and practical. He tells it in his article "How I Wrote 'When We Wind up the Watch on the Rhine,'" the first of his series entitled "How I Write My Songs," appearing in *Everywoman's Weekly*. Into this favourite pantomime melody he introduced a portion of the famous German patriotic song, "The Watch on the Rhine." It took very little time for the catchy tune to be carried from England to Flanders. "In the still dark watches of a certain night," he writes, "a detachment of our boys in khaki, feeling assured that they were a long way from the nearest German, started to sing the chorus of the song. But the enemy was nearer than had been suspected. Fortunately the Huns, believing that some comrades were singing their own national song, joined in and thus revealed their position. Before they could rectify their erroneous conclusion, our Tommies were alive to the situation and poured in a heavy fire." About 500 Germans must have been very sorry that Mr. Darewski's ditty was ever written!

"COME BACK, JACK!"

BY A SEA CAPTAIN.

Lord John Fisher is to-day our second Nelson—a diplomatist among diplomats and a strategist unequalled in our history. What has Lord John Fisher done?

He scrapped 162 obsolete warships which were rotting in harbour at great expense—for which a Government that ought to have been scrapped at the same time as the ships tried to haul him over the coals.

He introduced the water-tube boilers, which as every engineer and seaman knows, raise a full head of steam in twenty minutes, instead of twenty hours, as formerly.

He introduced the steam turbine, which, after he had rushed it to the fore, was adopted by every nation.

He introduced oil fuel into the Navy, thus making destroyers capable of steaming further, a great benefit being the almost total absence of smoke. He also applied it to battleships and other large craft.

He introduced the *Dreadnought*, the bulwark of Britain, and the ship that baffled the German nation and made the Kiel Canal useless for years. The oil-burning, water-tubed destroyer, and the *Queen Elizabeth*—the finest service ship to the monitor—all emanated from his brain.

He introduced the battle-cruiser, against the will of an antiquated and timorous Government whose cry was ever "Cut down armaments," "Cut down the Army and Navy." Had Fisher listened to these vote-catching lawyers, the Germans would to-day have outraged our wives and crucified our children.

He planned the Falkland Islands battle; and sent the secret service ships to chase the German submarines out of the Channel—with the result that to-day we find it as clear of these craft as Piccadilly. *He fought hard against the Dardanelles expedition.*

Who was Sea Lord when we sank the *Blucher*, the German destroyers in the North Sea, the German fleet at the Falklands?

The old year has gone, so has Lord Fisher. Are we going to compel the Government to reinstate him with a free hand, released from the control of Civil "Parliamentary" Lords, whose sole naval knowledge has been picked up by running about on the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*? *Are we going to have back the man who has never made a mistake?*

A REGRETTABLE REGULATION.

NO SOLDIERS NEED APPLY.

The Samuel Lewis Trust, of Finsbury Court, E.C., exists for "the provision of Dwellings for the Poor"—unless "the Poor" happen to be soldiers or their wives. This is the unpleasant inference we are bound to draw from the following letter lately addressed by the Secretary to the wife of a soldier at the Front:—

> I regret that I cannot accept your application, as I understand from your letter that your husband is in the Regular Army. The Buildings erected by this Trust are for the purpose of housing the poorer working classes, and however much one might wish to assist the wife of a man fighting for his country, a regular soldier does not come under the rules of this Trust. I hope you will understand that the Trust is governed by certain rules and regulations which one is unable to alter.

It would be interesting to know whether the administrators of the estate have been left a discretion in the matter. In any case, we think that in the vastly altered circumstances of the present time the Trustees might safely have waived a rule calculated severely to hamper their powers of useful service to the community. In the case under review a good deal of hardship had resulted from their decision. The applicant, whose separation allowance and pay allotment amount to 23s. a week, has for some time past been sharing a house with a family who are shortly moving to a "Samuel Lewis" dwelling. The good woman will now be compelled to seek other quarters where, as likely as not, she will be put to much greater expense.

How to make money: make "Bullets."

A WOMAN'S GOOD NAME.

SLANDEROUS SLUR ON SOUTHEND SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Southend is scandalised because a good woman's character has been taken away by the Service Relief Committee of the National Fund. The arbitrary action of the Committee also jeopardises the life of a little child. The woman is the wife of a soldier, and she has two soldier sons. She is Mrs. Fiddes, and her home is at Glendale Gardens, Leigh-on-Sea. Before the war, the income of the family was from £3 to £4 weekly, so the father was able, as he says, to provide extra care and nourishment for his little girl of seven, who is in very bad health indeed. When the father was called up, both his sons went as well. One boy was wounded in the Dardanelles; the other is serving in France. Mrs. Fiddes has now to keep the home fires burning on a guinea a week. Rent was 11s. at first, and the Service Relief Committee made her a weekly grant of 4s. 6d., increased to 6s. in June last. Then some soldiers were billeted on her and the relief was, of course, stopped. Her landlord put the rent up to 12s. 6d., the soldiers went away, and Mrs. Fiddes was again in need. So she applied to the Committee for her grant to be resumed. It was refused, and has been withheld up to the present moment.

A FALSE CARD.

Somebody has dared to write the lie, "Not temperate," on a visitor's card produced before the Committee, and on that infamous and libellous accusation the dispensers of relief have acted. It is a base untruth, and can be proved so. The people who advance the calumny have been challenged to produce one iota of evidence, but they do not do so, simply because they cannot. We have made our own inquiries, to supplement those of others, and the testimony of all her neighbours, of everybody who knows Mrs. Fiddes, is that she is a sober, hard-working, and industrious woman. Her home is as clean as her character is spotless. Her desire is to face that Committee in person and challenge her persecutors. She is refused a hearing.

Local people have taken up the matter, but can obtain no redress. The Southend Trades Council has gathered full testimony, and has placed it before the Service Relief Committee—only to be told that the Committee adheres to its decision, and that "no useful purpose will be served by going further into the matter." We beg to differ. The very useful purpose we have in view is to clear a woman's character and to procure her a renewed grant to help to keep her little one alive.

"JUDY O'GRADY AND"—THE BIG WIG'S LADY.

The whole disgraceful business probably arises from unsympathetic visiting. On the sub-committee controlling visits there is not one representative of the working-class. The soldier's wife does not care to be patronised and criticised by the wife of some professional person who puts on high-and-mighty airs and questions the woman as though she were either a criminal or a bond-slave, or both. One visitor to Mrs. Fiddes suggested that the house should be given up and two rooms taken instead. But Mrs. Fiddes hates to think of selling up her husband's home, to which she hopes he and her boys will one day return. Her invalid daughter would not thrive in the close confinement of lodgings, and so she cleaves to the place where she was able to receive her wounded son, and where she may be able to house lodgers in the season or billet more soldiers. Who can blame a wife and mother for holding on to her home to the uttermost? Nobody but the Southend Service Relief Committee. And they, instead of helping her with a tiny trifle of the money subscribed by the public for just such a case, go out of their way to traduce her and to besmirch her character by the propagation of a falsehood and the insinuation of a vile charge that has no morsel of substance. So far, they have stabbed this woman in the dark, and have not replied when challenged. Her persecutors on the Committee sit at table as admitted slanderers, cowardly enough to attack a woman whom they imagined defenceless.

A PRESSING PROBLEM.

THE LAW AND THE POOR LITIGANT.

In a recent "Candid Communication" we ventured to endorse some observations of Mr. Justice Horridge's in regard to the poverty of the legal assistance afforded to "Poor Persons" under the Rules of the High Court. "A nasty rub for the profession," was our comment, but we were far from suggesting that all barristers and solicitors engaged upon these cases were equally at fault, or that the blame lay wholly with either branch of the profession. An eminent "silk," who writes us upon the matter, is inclined to think the solicitors mainly responsible for the state of affairs deplored by Mr. Justice Horridge. For his own part, he holds that it is the duty of counsel "to give as much time and trouble to these cases as to any others," but "if the cases are not properly got up, that is the solicitor's fault and not the barrister's." In fairness to this view of the matter, it must be admitted that it was to the "getting up" of the cases rather than to their handling in Court that the complaints of the learned Judge were chiefly directed, but upon this side of the question the solicitors have something to say, as appears from the following extract from a letter addressed to us by a leading provincial attorney:—

> Owing to the niggardly way in which the Rules are administered, a solicitor who takes up one of these cases is certain to be out of pocket to a considerable extent, unless some benevolent third party is kind enough to make him a present. Not only does he receive nothing at all for his time and trouble, but out-of-pocket payments for the expenses of witnesses, etc., are frequently disallowed by the Taxing Master, although quite properly incurred.

In an endeavour to preserve the "sense of fairness" attributed to us by our critics, we gladly give publicity to both these professional views. On the whole, we are inclined to agree that the root of the trouble is to be found in the unsatisfactory system under which free legal aid is dispensed, the problem of the poor litigant having never yet been approached by the Legislature with any real desire to reach a sound solution. This is one of the matters which must be taken up in earnest—after the war.

HUMOURS OF THE WAR.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY A PAYMASTER.

We are indebted to a Manchester reader for the following extracts from letters, which he has personally read, received from soldiers' dependents by the Paymaster in charge of a Lancashire battalion:—

DEAR SIR,—I have not received no pay since my husband has gone from nowhere.

DEAR SIR,—My husband has been away at the Crystal Palace and got a for days furlough and has now gone to the Mind Sweepers.

DEAR SIR,—We received your letter, I am is Grandfather and Grandmother, he was born and brought up in this house in answer to your letter.

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. ——— has been put to bed with a little lad, wife of Peter ———.

SIR,—I write these few lines for Mrs. ——— who cannot write herself. She is expecting to be confined and can do with it.

DEAR SIR,—In accordance with instructions on ring paper I have given birth to a daughter on October 21st.

DEAR SIR,—You have changed my little boy into a little girl. Will it make any difference?

DEAR SIR,—I am expecting to be confined next month, will you please let me know what I am to do about it?

DEAR SIR,—My Husband Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon. Shall I get any more pay?

SIR,—Will you please send me my money as early as possible as I am walking about Bolton like a dammed pawper and oblige.

DEAR SIR,—My husband has joined the Army and I shall be glad if you will send me his elopement money.

It is as well to extract a little humour, if possible, even from the war.

Cultivate the "Bullet" brain and grow rich.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

Mr. Justice Ridley, Royal Courts of Justice.

RIDICULOUS JUDGE,—It is some time since I addressed a letter to you—you remember my first one, published in the *Sun*, some years ago, don't you? I have, however, on more than one occasion called attention to your eccentricities on the Bench—whilst I recently published an extract from a letter written by one of your brother Judges, in which he stated that he had been requested by the Lord Chancellor to keep an eye on you. The immediate object of my present communication, however, is to ask you what the Devil you meant when, in your recent charge to the Grand Jury at Devizes Winter Assizes, you congratulated the county on the absence of crime "having regard to the fact that there were so many soldiers at present located in it." If I were a soldier I would risk the consequences of Contempt of Court and, out of respect for the King's uniform, literally make you swallow your words. Why *don't* you resign? I must speak to Sir Henry Dalziel about that Motion standing in his name on the House of Commons Order Paper for an inquiry into your conduct.

JOHN BULL.

To Major-General Sir Ivor Herbert, M.P.

SIR,—It is not difficult to understand why the jealous politician who has never loved the soldier-man should be anxious to decry the services and the merits of the Secretary of State for War; but that you, a soldier, who has fought on the same fields in Egypt and Africa, should attack Lord Kitchener in the House of Commons is not so easily understood. You might have had the good sense to remember what Lord Kitchener has done in this war, and not ventured your petty criticism and vented what almost looks like your malice upon his distinguished and devoted head. To say that "in the matter of recruiting he has been wrong from first to last" is to—well, to say the thing that is not. "Kitchener's Army," called into being by the magic of his name, is the answer to your ignorant attack. To our shame be it said, it was left to the latest member of the House, Sir G. Reid, to take up the cudgels for the most popular and trusted man in the Cabinet, and in a maiden speech to denounce the "terms of grossest disrespect" with which you had assailed the War Secretary. You should try, sir, to moderate your language. If you lack the capacity to appreciate the great services of Lord Kitchener, you need not display your ignorance.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G.

MY LORD,—In view of the pessimism prevalent in some quarters, I welcome your clear insistence upon the absolute certainty of decisive victory for the Allies. Equally gratifying is your scornful repudiation of the notion of compromise. Our enemies, you say, must be "utterly ruined," for "unless Prussian Germany is utterly ruined nothing has been gained by this war, and there is no hope for true civilisation for long generations to come." Sound doctrine, my Lord, and I am heartily glad to find you on the side of sane optimism and stern resolve.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—I am glad to find you opposing the idea that this war is to be "a war of exhaustion" sinking into a premature peace, because one side or the other has grown too tired to fight. Quite properly, you remind us that "both the British and the French at the end of September were very nearly through," while "their resources by the Spring both in men and shells will have greatly increased." In short, there is no ground whatever for pessimism, but abundant justification for cheerful confidence and patient resolution. This, as you know, is precisely my own view, and I welcome your timely words.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. W. Greswell, Vicar of Marthall, nr. Chelford.

MY DEAR VICAR,—I like the fine, full-blooded vigour of your protest in your parish magazine against the prohibitory attitude of the Bishops on the question of active service for clergy of military age and physical fitness. As you say, surely it is of more practical utility at such a time as this to be wielding a bayonet in defence of the right, than presiding at a mothers' meeting or handing out tea at a charity bazaar. "A call like the present is a call to higher orders; to change the surplice for the sword. Too much emphasis need not be laid on the 'consolations of religion' in this 'time of trouble'; people find they can live without the aid of the clergy and die without them." It is a true word, but the Bishops will like to hear it as little as those priests and curates who, prohibited by their Lordships on the one hand, have been excluded from compulsory service by the Government on the other. Pulpiteering, though one of the "reserved," is not one of the "indispensable" occupations, and men who pray can do without a parson to assist them. Thank you for so courageously driving that fact home.

JOHN BULL.

To Alex. Devine, Esq., Headmaster of Clayesmore School.

DEAR SIR,—I have read with much pleasure that fine speech which you recently delivered at the Conference of the Moral Education League, and in which you pleaded for new methods of training the boys of our country—with the object of bringing them into touch with the realities of the world, instead of drumming into their poor little heads a lot of useless "knowledge." You expressed the hope that "our brave Headmasters might set the lead." Well, my dear sir, why not set it yourself? You are the very man to do it. If I had a son I should send him to you—I like your ideas; you are one of the very few schoolmasters of the day who really know the meaning of the word "education." Stick to it. All things will be different after the war. Be first in your own field—and, meanwhile, give my love to all your boys and ask them, from me, to give three cheers for their distinguished Headmaster.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. J. A. Pease, P.M.G.

DEAR "JACK."—So you are back again! Good luck to you. As Postmaster-General you will be in your element. You always had your eye on that job, hadn't you? Do you remember our chat in the Captain's cabin as we crossed the Channel together a year or two ago? Well, now get on with the work of putting the postal service on a sound business basis. And you might begin with Mr. Herbert Samuel's constituency—where the arrangements are very bad, as I pointed out to him during the recent Cleveland election. Perhaps he'll do better at the Home Office. In any case, so far as the G.P.O. is concerned, "Jack's the lad" for me.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Samuel Evans, President of the Prize Court.

DEAR JUDGE,—Just as I was hoping to have the pleasure of congratulating you on your return to work, I read, with much regret, that your recovery from your accident is retarded by an attack of pleurisy. Do, please, get well. You are one of the few examples of a politically-appointed Judge turning out to be the right man in the right place; and in both Probate and Divorce, and as President of the Prize Court, you have been a brilliant success. Here's a health to your Lordship!

JOHN BULL.

To J. A. D. Milne, Esq., Town Clerk, Shoreditch.

DEAR SIR,—I observe that at a recent meeting of the Shoreditch Borough Council it was announced that, as Clerk to the Assessment Committee, you had declined to accept the salary of £100 due to you for work done during the last quinquennial period. Bravo! Well might Mr. Councillor Fudge observe that "it was a splendid example, which might well be followed by the Government and also by other Assessment Committees." No fudge about that!

JOHN BULL.

"Golden Links" in "Everywoman's Weekly" is a delightful competition.

A REAL STRANGLE-HOLD.

P.C. ASQUITH: "Of course, one doesn't want to do anything hasty or ill-considered; but if th s sort of thing goes on, I shall really have to—er—devise some means of—er—checking it in some way."

TWO BURIAL BLUNDERS AT BOSTON.

SCANDAL OF UNMADE GRAVES.

Boston, Lincolnshire, has acquired an unenviable distinction, for it has been the scene of two burial scandals within a fortnight. One such incident is disgraceful; two in less than two weeks are shocking. The first occurred on a Sunday. Due notice was given in the ordinary way by the undertaker, and hearse and mourners arrived at the cemetery at the appointed hour, 12.15—to find that the ground had not been opened and no grave prepared. There was, naturally enough, a scene of great distress, only partially remedied by a sad sort of makeshift ceremony, for the first part of the service was read, and then the mourners went away until 3.30, when the service was concluded. It seems that the sexton was ill, and the man employed to dig graves had said that he was not paid for Sunday work, and therefore would not dig on that day.

One would think that such an incident would be sufficiently horrifying in itself; one gasps at the bare notion of a repetition twelve days afterwards. But such was the awful fact. A funeral had been arranged for the Thursday, at 12.30. To the cemetery in time came mourners once more, and the first part of the ceremony was actually conducted in the church. It was not till the procession started for the grave that the stupefying word was passed round that once again no grave had been prepared. There was a dreadful interval of three-quarters of an hour, during which the agonised relatives paced the sombre cemetery paths, before the broken service could be completed.

The Burial Board of Boston stands indicted of two wicked blunders. It is the duty of the Urban District Council to sift these scandals to the bottom, and to deal out the most rigorous punishment in its power. The Council must decide who is responsible, and then act. Decency to the dead and humanity to the living demand stern notice being taken of such grossly hideous happenings.

"THE BISHOP'S BLEAT."

THE POSITION OF THE RECTOR OF LINKENHOLT.

Our recent article criticising the appointment of an unnaturalised German, the Reverend Menachem Niphdeh Waldo, to the incumbency of Linkenholt, Hants, has resulted in our receiving a number of letters. Few, if any, quarrel with us for taking the Bishop of Winchester to task for attacking the working classes on the ground of their alleged prodigal expenditure on "luxury," "personal indulgence," and "drink," whilst himself finding it difficult to live on his official salary of £6,500 with two free palaces thrown in; but it is generally pointed out that the Rev. Mr. Waldo was inducted to the rectorate thirty years ago by the present Bishop's predecessor—that prelate, apparently, nominating him owing to the patrons of the living, the Festing family, failing to select an incumbent—the difficulty perhaps being the smallness of the stipend. It has been urged that Mr. Waldo is, in fact, "English at heart" having left Hanover when he was but seventeen years of age, and his sentiments may, of course, be as represented—but, on the other hand, we have the candid avowal of the "naturalised" ex-German Consul, when charged with high treason, that—no matter how long a man may have been absent from the Fatherland—"once a German, always a German."

One clerical correspondent—a gentleman distinguished even among his brethren for the soundness of his views, and the breadth of his knowledge—tells us that "the Dean of Winchester does not receive a thousand a year from his office." On this point we can only say that that is the sum stated in the standard work of reference in regard to such matters—"Crockford's"—though that careful compilation may not, of course, be infallible. None of the residentiary canons, too—our friend states—holds any living, fat or lean. We still, however, think that the Bishop's statement that to the working man "this is just a good time," is a cruel libel on the poor.

THE "PROMISES OF MAY."

ANOTHER SLUSTERING BRUMMAGEM BILKER.

The Midland Metropolis is suffering from the ill-repute into which it is being allowed to fall by the acquiescence of the authorities in the machinations of certain "traders" who accept money for goods which are never sent, or forwarded only to very pertinacious and determined purchasers. The name of May has for some time been discreditably prominent in this particular connection—in the period covered by the years 1909 to 1913 we received scores of complaints regarding the methods of Henry (or Harry) May, trading as Norman and Co., at 41, Church Street, Birmingham. A dozen or so of these we dealt with, an outstanding case being that of a Devonshire man who ordered and paid for goods valued at £8 19s. 1½d., but although no fewer than 134 communications passed between the parties, nothing was ever sent for the money. However, following a judgment in the County Court, May shut up shop.

And now there comes into purview a person of the same surname, carrying on the same kind of business in the same city. Clifford May has opened—first at 13, Summer Row, and then at 115, Suffolk Street—as "import and export merchant and factor." That he belongs to the same family seems pretty clear; for he states on his catalogue—the introductory portion of which has obviously been adapted from that of Henry May—"This business has no connection with that of the late Henry May or with my brother." However, his relative's methods appear to be well maintained by Clifford; for although after perusing the catalogue—worthy of one of the great multiple stores—a steward on one of our warships, as long ago as July last, sent Clifford £7 for selected goods, nothing has arrived but promises—of which, aptly enough, May is very prolific—coupled with this threat, when the victim stated his intention of exposing him: "If you do anything that will materially injure my business, either directly or indirectly, I should resent it—in fact, I should have to consult my solicitor and take action for damages incurred." Undaunted, the sailor lad laid the facts before us. Our letter asking for an explanation being ignored, a visit was paid to the new and "more convenient" premises in Suffolk Street—which with some difficulty we found, in the shape of one back room on the ground floor! The door was securely barred, but the letter-box was still in working condition for the receipt of postal orders. *Verb. sap.*

"PRINTERS' PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—
"A British warship was manœuvring over Chiswick and other parts of the West of London this morning."

"CORK EXAMINER" (advertisement):—
"'The Wonder Car,' £185 fully equipped; including 17 cwt. electric lights.

"STRATFORD EXPRESS":—
"Miss Hudson presented her report as hon. secretary . . . they cared intensely for religion and education and temperance and THEFT and ALL OTHER GOOD CAUSES."

"LANCASHIRE DAILY POST":—
"Accused was fined 10s. and BOUND OVER TO TAKE INTOXICATING LIQUOR FOR SIX MONTHS."

"EVENING STANDARD" (advertisement):—
"Gentleman's SHOOTING ESTATE for Sale, 240 ACRES, or would Let on lease; NEAR LONDON BRIDGE."

"THE THREE SHIRES ADVERTISER":—
"The gale of last week UPROOTED SEVERAL LARGE STREETS in the village."

"DAILY NEWS AND LEADER" (book review):—
"Of course in the end Orde discovers that HIS WIFE IS NOT THE DAUGHTER OF HER MOTHER at all."

The Pen of a lifetime, the "John Bull" Pen.

"MUDDLING THROUGH."

WHAT THE NEW YEAR MAY BRING IF——

One of the most profitable and fascinating themes for a journalist is the lethargy and supreme incompetence of the Britisher. The journalist looks around, and is oppressed with gloom—evidences of our slackness, our carelessness, and our inertia meet him on every side. Before the war we were decadent, wrapped in case, living only in the memory of our glorious past—during the war we are incapable of looking ahead, lacking in power of organisation, and failing to understand, as he (the journalist) understands, the magnitude of the task before us. After the war we shall be told that the lessons of the war are unheeded by us, and that our rivals outstrip us in the world's markets, outpace us in development, beat us to a standstill in education.

Quaintly enough, John Bull likes this kind of academic abuse. He is essentially a peace-loving person, and is always secretly tickled by any exhibition of a pugnacious disposition on the part of others; it confirms, in his opinion, the wisdom of his own peaceful attitude, as the driving rain on the window confirms the wisdom of keeping within doors. Yet he cannot but admit—and is always ready and eager to admit—that there is a lot of truth in what the fellow says. We *are* a nation of muddlers.

And then the British Navy, the most efficient organisation in the world—built by British labour, manned by British sailors, and administered by British organisers—rises up and gives him the lie direct!

You cannot get away from the conclusion—the British race are, at one and the same time, the finest organisers and the worst organisers, the most energetic and the most easy-going race in the world.

We have the least intelligent education policy in Europe, the most unscientific methods of development, an astonishing lack of imagination and method in business, and a happy-go-lucky style (there is no *method* in it) of defending our hearths and homes.

It is equally true that we have neither sufficient interest nor imagination to set ourselves to discover and utilise the superabundant talent that is existent in our midst. Conspicuous ability is present everywhere, yet somehow we neither encourage it nor even trouble to make full use of it.

How comes it, when all other things are indifferently and carelessly managed, our Navy is an outstanding example of efficiency and organisation? Is it due entirely to the genius of a few great men, or is it due to the genius of the race as a whole?

It must always be remembered that we give of our very best to the Navy—the *personnel* of the British Fleet is unrivalled in the world's navies.

The life of a naval man is one of unceasing training and unrelaxed discipline; it is healthy and invigorating—the one great crime is to be unfit. The vigorous health that a life in the open air gives to the body reacts on the mind, giving alertness, energy, and a constant desire to be up and doing.

But fitness is not a matter of chance, it is not even a matter of occupation and environment; it is, above all, the outcome of the will-to-be-fit.

You may decide, for instance, to take half a teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a tumbler of hot water every morning. It is not a decision arrived at by chance, it is the outcome of a deliberate resolution to improve your condition. The will-to-be-fit is indeed everything, because it is clearly not a difficult task to *get* fit—the operation of taking a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts daily can hardly be considered difficult—it is merely a matter of will power.

The very *discipline* of the habit of taking Kruschen Salts is good; it compels you daily to think for one moment of your health, for one moment to realise that on the state of your health rests your capacity to control and properly manage your affairs.

And the beneficial effect is remarkable. Instead of languor, *energy*; instead of inertia, *keenness*; instead of pessimism, *optimism*;—that is the daily miracle effected by the small dose of Kruschen Salts.

"Health and intellect are the two blessings of life," says the Greek philosopher, and it is certain that the full enjoyment of an acute intellect is dependent on a full measure of bodily health and strength.

The New Year brings to us all a message of promise and hope—we begin to visualise the end of the war and the blessings of peace. The pessimist may shrug his shoulders and sneer at our shortsightedness, but Britain, in the growing fulness of her strength, knows (in her heart) that the end is not far off—she is getting into her stride and is beginning to exert her full strength. And as is her wont, she conceals her real energy and her resolute determination behind a veil of fussiness and controversy that is confusing to her enemies and distracting to her Allies.

We met the war unprepared and unequipped, we roused ourselves late, and have now to pay for our unpreparedness. Shall we also meet the new conditions that will arise equally unprepared and unequipped?

The upheaval of habits caused by the shock of war will effect far-reaching changes. One of the greatest of these will be a complete change in our habits of living.

Inertia, slothfulness, and indifference must vanish, and we shall prize, more than ever, vigorous good health. In the full possession of this lies the secret of energy of mind and keenness in affairs.

Now is the time for all those not actively engaged in the prosecution of the war to rouse from apathy and inertia, and prepare for the great world-struggle for supremacy in the arts of peace—commercial efficiency, education and development.

Health, health, health—it is all a matter of health! Worry, sluggishness, indifference, and depression are all a question of health—all come from the lack of it. And when Kruschen Salts bring health they bring happiness as surely as day follows night.

With a body free to live and thrive, without the perpetual burden of those poisons which accumulate in the system, the real joy of life—the desire to "get a move on"—comes.

It is for us who remain to make good what our fighting men have died for, the establishment of a new order of things, the building of a new world where efficiency and orderliness shall prevail.

It is well to recall the vigorous remark of one of our thinking workmen in the trenches—"We are in for it, and we are going right through with it to the end; there shall be none of this nonsense for our children to go through."

And the work will only be done by men who get fit, keep fit, and keep on keeping fit.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind: but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. *to* £5, *according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.*

We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

Week after week we receive letters or calls from soldiers' wives whose husbands have been reported missing. Should no information be forthcoming in the interim, after six months the men are officially regarded as dead. In the majority of instances this is actually the case, but the War Office at present gives no certificate to that effect—though at the end of the campaign men who do not turn up will, of course, be officially reported as deceased, and so certified. In the meantime, the wives and mothers of insured men have to keep on paying their premiums to insurance companies. This is, naturally, a great hardship, and one which the Government should remedy without delay. Either the companies should be compelled to pay when no news of the insured has been received for six months, or the dependents, when they collect the insurance money at the end of the war, should be refunded all premiums from the date when the poor fellow was reported as "missing." The burdens of the bereaved should not be increased to swell the coffers of insurance companies, whose legitimate profits are already large enough.

Once more we have to report that among the activities of our little fund during the past week has been the burial of several soldiers' children, whose mothers were not in a position to provide the fees.

During the past fortnight we have received numerous applications from the custodians of soldiers' dogs, asking us to pay the licence fees. In each case we acted on the invitation of the Secretary of Our Dumb Friends' League, 58, Victoria Street S.W., to direct the applicants to him, and he provided the money. Funds are urgently called for, and we highly commend the institution—if only for its action in saving so many of our soldiers' pets from the lethal chamber.

Applications from Wales for relief are on the increase, although we note that the people of the Principality other than the applicants do not generally appear to know of the existence of our fund, as it is a comparatively rare thing for a contribution to reach us from that part of the kingdom. Some time ago we sent help to a Welsh woman, her proved circumstances warranting a grant. Within a week we received applications from five persons in the same street! Inquiries showed that these individuals fancied that it was only necessary to "write to JOHN BULL" to obtain a sovereign or two by return. But they were disappointed.

We daily receive visits from soldiers who are on leave in London, or who have been discharged from the Army in the London district, without money. We always gladly helped these men, but we are pleased to say that this pressure on the fund has been removed, we having been officially informed that all such cases which are brought before us may now be referred to the Command Paymaster of the London District, whose offices are in Regent Street. We have already expressed appreciation of the work done by the regular section of the Pay Department—under Brigadier-General Carter and his staff—who have worked hard to the end that every man and every dependent may receive the amounts due. We are glad the authorities have paid such regard to the complaints we voice, but there are one or two other directions in which they might find scope for their activities.

In return for the generous support given to our fund by the men of the Fleet and the Mercantile Marine, we are especially glad to assist the wives and children of blue-jackets, though happily the applications are few. Last week we were appealed to on behalf of the widow of a sailor whose husband, unfortunately, died shortly before a pension would have been due to him. She was cut off from all allowances and was unfitted for such work as offered, but hoped to be able to make a living by letting rooms. We came to her assistance and trust that our grant will enable her to "carry on" until she secures lodgers.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Result of Collection by W. D." (Argentine), £21 12s. 6d.; "Officers' and Engineers' Mess, H.M.T. *Delaware*" (per H. S. R.), £5; "Home on Leave," 2s. 6d.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; C. S., 6d.; R. M. (Llanelly), 4s. 4d.; Mrs. R., parcel; M. S., 1s.; R. M. (Wales), 6d.; E. S. F., 5s.; "In His Name," 5s.; Mrs. R., 1s.; "Attested," 1s.; "A Constant Reader," 1s.; "Anxious to Know," 1s.; H. C., 1s.; E. A. H., £3; E. D., 6d.; J. T. C., 1s.; T. B. W. (Battersea Park), 5s.; "Proceeds of Collection at Dance" (per J. G. A.), 11s. 7d.; "Transport," 2s.; J. P., 10s.; "A Brighton Nurse," 5s.; Anon., 1s.; "Collection s.s. *Wirral*, s.s. *Cairngowan* and s.s. *Cobaf*" (per D. J.), £11 18s. 6d.; E. M. H., 1s.; E. A. C., 2s. 6d.; K. P., 1s.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 4s. 6d.; J. W. P., 5s.; F. P., 1s.; "Doris," 6d.; E. J. L., 6d.; B. J., 1s.; "Policeman and His Mate," 3s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; K. T. (U.S.A.), £2; M. H., 2s.; F. J. B., 2s. 10d.; M. H. G., 1s. 10d.; V. L., 2s. 6d.; "Clara, Tot and Billy," 5s.; "Well-wisher," £2 10s.; "Proceeds of Monthly Collection at North Anston Congregational Church" (per G. A. R. C.), £1 2s. 6d.; "Beecham," 1s.; s.s. *Airedale*, £1 16s.; A. L. (Greenwich), 5s.; "A Sympathiser," 2s. 6d.; S. T., 2s. 6d.; "A Constant Reader," 1s.; "The Sender," 5s.; "May," 1s.; W. C. D., 1s.; N. McC., 2s. 6d.; F. F., 4d.; N. W., 2s. 6d.; J. M., 6d.; S. M. S., 8d.; F. M., 1s.; Mrs. L., 1s.; W. A. C., 2s.; F. P. M., 9d.; D. R., 6d.; Master G., 2s. 6d.; J. B., 5s.; A. E. C., 2s.; W. H. T., 1s.; H. H., 5s.; 'Regular Reader," 1s.; Anon., 1 franc; G. L., 1s.; A. H., 1s. 11d.; G. J. W. W., 4s.; G. A. W., 6d.; G. A. G., 5s.; J. L. H., 5s.; "Subscribed among 'Sparkers' on board H.M.S. *Snaefell*," 15s.; "Ess-Ess," 5s.; J. G. D. (Felixburg), £10; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Another Bullet," 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Mother," 5s.; T. T. R. (Camberwell), 1s. 6d.; E. H. (Swindon), 5s.; "Staff at Beaufort, L. and N.W.Ry.," 5s. 10d.; "Lake Windermere," 1s.; "An Anxious Soldier's Wife," 1s.; "Proceeds of Football Match in France" (per G. A.), £1.

Mr. Arthur Cottrell, the winner of the First Prize in our 168th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTI G BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. W. H. Ampleford, "Adam and Eve," Kensington, 5s. 6d.; Messrs. Harris and Co., 10, Marble Arch, 2s. 6½d.; Mr. F. Huggins, "Brunswick Arms," Stamford Street, 3s.; Mr. W. Carlton, "Antelope," 48, Weston Street, Bermondsey, 5s. 2d.; Mr. A. E. Last, 251, Elgin Avenue, Maida Vale, 2s. 6d.; Messrs. Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 2 and 3, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, 2s. 6d.

ANTRIM.—Miss E. Anderson, Confectioner, Railway Street, 3s. 4d.

WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—Mr. W. Stephenson, 46, Station Road, 3s. 7½d.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr. H. Athorn, 71, Broad Street, Park, 3s. 10d.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. J. Lowe, "Baltic Inn," Hope Street, 3s. 9d.; Messrs. Wilson and Ward, 56, Newhall Street, 3s. 4½d.

BRISTOL.—Mr. J. Showering, "Golden Bowl," Jacob Street, 3s. 0½d.

Wouldn't "Tommy" and "Jack" be pleased with a "John Bull" Pen.

ECONOMICAL DENTISTRY.
GOODMAN'S SYSTEM.

GOODMAN'S SYSTEM provides finest dental work, done by EXPERTS, at one-third usual fees, and guaranteed by a firm ESTABLISHED OVER THIRTY YEARS. Sets on Vulcanite from 21s. 5 years' warranty.

One illustration of GOODMAN'S Improved Dentistry: Teeth restored, without any artificial palate, by their Golden Bridge Work.

Note what the Press says:—

"Goodman's have one of the largest dental practices in the World. They have supplied artificial teeth to some 36,000 patients in London alone, at fees so moderate in comparison with those charged in the West End as to suggest that every West End dentist ought to be a millionaire. Why is he not? Simply because his turnover is not sufficient. And why is the turnover in Ludgate Hill greater? *Because Ludgate Hill advertises.* At Ludgate Hill there are a dozen dental chairs always full. Hence the most highly skilled operators and best materials can be employed, while a reasonable profit only is charged on each transaction." Summarised from an article in *Truth*.

"Artificial teeth, formerly the luxury of the rich, are now within reach of the poorest. The prime mover in this dental revolution is Goodman, of Ludgate Hill." – *Evening News.*

"Their prices are certainly extremely reasonable. As to their skill, they quote convincing testimonials."—*John Bull.*

Mr. Bransby Williams, the eminent actor, writes:—"Pleased to testify to what has proved wonderful work, and fabulously cheap."

Illustrated pamphlet, "Economical Dentistry," post free on application to Secretary. Consultations Free.

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Also at 17, Ranelagh Street, Liverpool; 10, Castle Square, Brighton; 19A, George Street, Edinburgh; 248, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. Also attendance from 11 to 5, Mondays, at 113, Peascod Street, Windsor; Thursdays, 25, High Street, Aldershot; Fridays, 6, Thames Street, Kingston.

(Caution.—We have only one address in London.)

21/-

SAVE HIS LIFE!

Send HIM at once a

DAYFIELD BODY SHIELD

SIR HIRAM MAXIM says: "Fully 25 per cent. of the casualties we have met so far would have been prevented by the use of this shield."

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Patent No. 5196.

Price, carriage paid, British Isles **21/6**
Double Shield, carriage paid, British Isles .. **53/6**
If sent to the front, 1/- extra, single shield: **1/6** double.

Read this testimony from E. Mansfield, B. Co., 23rd Batt. R F.

"We all realise how useful it would be to protect a soldier from fragments of shrapnel and spent bullets, or even from shots fired obliquely at close range, for the shield would turn them and save the wearer's life. In addition, there is the satisfaction of knowing you wear a vest which no bayonet can possibly penetrate. In my opinion, your shield will be taken up by soldiers all over the country for the following reasons:—

1. It is easily and quickly put on, and comfortable to wear.
2. Gives ease to a man when carrying his pack.
3. It is absolutely bayonet proof and proof against fragments of shell and spent shots fired obliquely at close range.
4. It is what you claim it to be—*A Life Saver.*"

The Dayfield Body Shield is tested and *proved*, absolutely fulfilling every claim made for it. Proof against bayonet, sword and lance, and also proof against spent bullets, shrapnel, shell-splinters and grenades. Worn under the tunic, it is light in weight (36 ozs.), comfortable in wear, and in no way impedes action. Size, 17 by 12ins. Covered with khaki drill.

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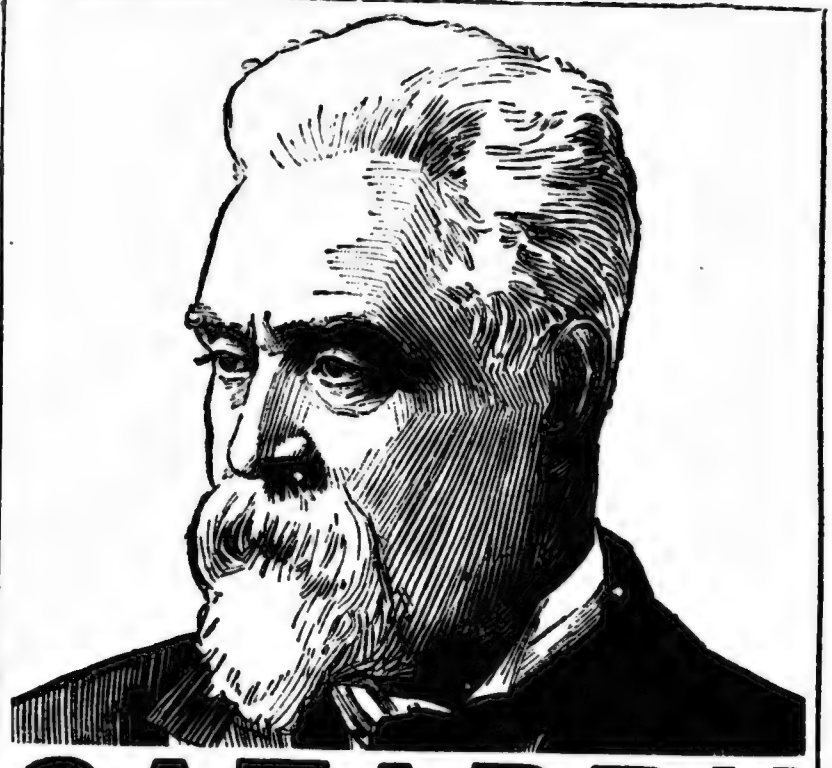

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MAXIM GUN INVENTOR DISCOVERS SIMPLE HOME REMEDY.

Thousands Already Relieved and Cured.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM WISHES ALL SUFFERERS TO HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF LEARNING, FREE OF CHARGE, HOW TO CURE THEMSELVES.

We are able to announce to-day a significant development in the cure of all kinds of Ear, Nose, Throat, and Lung troubles by Sir Hiram Maxim, the veteran inventor, of Maxim gun fame.

LEGION OF HONOUR FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Everyone who would like to read about this discovery should fill in coupon below (½d. stamp only needed), or send a postcard to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

This triumph over chronic diseases which have been regarded as almost incurable is the outcome of Sir Hiram's own sufferings.

He has now cured himself by a simple home appliance and has also restored to health thousands of others similarly afflicted, and now wishes that all sufferers, rich and poor alike, should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments at home without any interference with their daily occupations.

Those who have benefited already by this quick and easy method include sufferers from:—

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, HEAD NOISES, COLDS AND COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

You may have been disappointed by other methods but remember that Sir Hiram Maxim has a world-honoured reputation and would never attach his name to an invention which had not been proved of practical utility and a great success.

It will be found that after a few minutes' use of the Pipe of Peace Home Treatment the Catarrh, Cough, or Tightness is relieved and the expectoration diminished.

The hearing improves, ear noises gradually stop. The stuffiness in nose and uncomfortable feeling in the throat and chest disappear, and give place to ease and comfort. Running at the nose stops, and bouts of sneezing cease instantly. An ever-increasing improvement will be felt, and in most cases a complete cure of the trouble will take place in a short time.

FREE TO-DAY.

Send for a free copy of the Home Doctor book, and read there some of the letters received from users of Sir Hiram Maxim's wonderful appliance. They tell of the most wonderful cures effected by this discovery—a discovery everyone can now utilise for their own benefit at a small cost.

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Fill in your name and address, or write it out on a sheet of paper and send it to-day to Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, in accordance with Sir Hiram Maxim's offer, a free copy of the Home Doctor.

Name .....

Address .....

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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

THE 19TH SLAVEYS.

The wind-jammer sailor used to sing, "Six days we work as hard as we are able; on the seventh day we holystone the deck and scrape the cable." The men of the 19th London Territorials are not sailors, but they have as much room for grumbling as the old-time shellback—for the following Southern Command Order has been issued:—

> No week-end leave is admissible, and will therefore be discontinued. The period from mid-day Saturday to Sunday night should be utilised for the purposes of the cleaning of equipment, barracks, etc., which the continuous and hard training during the week may not permit of being done. Passes may be given for in and about Winchester, but men are not allowed to travel by train, except in very urgent cases.

This will not do.

TAKING IT OUT OF TOMMY.

A different class of Order, one touching their pockets, has been posted up for the men of the 3rd Dorsets. It contains a schedule of prices which must be paid by Tommy when he is supplied with articles of clothing missing from his kit. Among the items are:—Ankle boots, £1 a pair; drawers, 4s.; pantaloons, £1 0s. 2d.; puttees, 3s.; flannel shirts, 6s. 3d.; canvas shoes, 5s 9d.; trousers, 10s., and cardigan waistcoats, 6s. Any ordinary trader could supply the men with Army ankle boots of excellent quality—such as we send to prisoners of war—for 9s. The other articles are procurable at from 25 to 50 per cent. less than the sums stated in the Order.

REBELLIOUS SUSAN.

We daily receive numerous touching appeals from women who ask us to use our influence to procure their husbands' return from the front on leave. The request is a natural one; but how is this for a letter received by an Officer in Charge of Records?

> SIR,—I am sorry to trouble you, but I had a letter from my husband to-day saying that he was in hospital wounded in the back and gassed. I would be more than obliged to you, sir, if you could let me know if it is true. Last letter I received he was wanting me to write to the Officer Commanding his battalion to get him home. I sent him a letter in which I told him to do his duty. I was not going to tell any lies. Sir, I hope you will see that he does not get home again, for I know myself he has scarcely ever been in the firing line, but always in the hospital with his teeth, and there is really nothing the matter with them. It is a shame. I hope, sir, you will put in a word that he does not get any furlough, as he is not in need of it. Sir, I should be obliged if you will drop a few lines to the Manager of the Hospital to send him back to his regiment when better.

THOU SHALT NOT WRITE.

The men of one of the Manchester City Battalions, now on active service, write complaining that an Order has been issued restricting the post from the regiment to ten letters a day from each platoon of fifty men. They ask us what we think of it. In our opinion the Order is unjust, but many a civilian would be glad to have such an excuse for non-attention to correspondence.

GREAT JEHOSHAPHAT!

Last week we referred to the case of a man who was officially reported dead—the authorities refusing to believe that he was still in the land of the living, although he visited the War Office and produced full proof of his identity. We have a companion case this week, concerning a private of the Lancashire Fusiliers who was reported missing at the front, and to whose wife a pension form was forwarded. Immediately afterwards the husband returned home on leave, and the woman reported the circumstance to the War Department, returning the paper and expressing her happiness at not wanting it, and enclosing a letter written to her by her husband subsequent to the date when she had received the doleful official notification. The big brains of Whitehall evidently cannot grasp the fact, and have stopped the wife's allowance!

BOTHA'S OWN.

The bob-a-day war-dogs from the Union of South Africa naturally grouse because they were promised Colonial rate of pay and have not been given it. However, our recent paragraph on the subject has been reprinted in most of the South African papers, and we are sure that Sir Louis Botha will rectify matters. As a further effort on behalf of the men from the Dark Continent, we should like to know why they have not received their mails for several weeks.

SPICK-AND-SPAN BUNKUM.

With reference to our recent paragraph regarding men at the front being compelled to turn up with shining buttons and spick-and-span equipment a few hours after they have left the trenches, we are told that when the men of one London regiment are brought before their officers for not having their belongings spotless in these circumstances, their "crime sheets" are not marked "for having a dull button," but actually "for disobeying a lawful order"—which is a very serious offence and liable to be punished accordingly.

"CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS."

Vaccination and inoculation are not compulsory in the Army, and we have heard of many would-be recruits who have been turned away in peace time because they would not submit to the lymph. We learn, too—although it seems incredible—that men offering themselves under Lord Derby's Scheme are being refused for the same reason. Is this one of the "conscientious objections" referred to in the House of Commons the other day?

A GOOD TIME COMING!

The other night we called at Tonbridge to bid "God-speed" to the brave men of a battalion mobilised for foreign service. Word had just been issued that the regiment would be *en route* for France in a few days. For the first time for many weeks the chaps were full of joy; even a knowledge of the horrible condition of some of the trenches did not damp their spirits. And no wonder—for a large number of them had been quartered in a big empty house, without a fire and devoid of seating accommodation—they having to squat on the floor, whilst the sole illuminant in each room was a candle stuck in the neck of a beer bottle. Perhaps this treatment was a preparation for the hardships they will have to endure later on; but the crowds of Tommies similarly situated here and there throughout the country do not look upon the matter in that light.

GRANTHAM GOURMANDS.

The boys at Grantham Camp are enthusiastically grateful for the improvements made there owing to our representations. But they ask us to direct attention to the short commons at the camp—alleging that many of their number are half-mad with hunger and have not the wherewithal to buy food. Will the authorities again note—and rectify?

MISSING.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Greaser Joseph Hy. Clark, 822, H.M.S. *Balmoral*, Mine Sweeper No. 583; Pte. F. Pimm, 313, 16th Battalion, Australian Imperial Force; L.-Cpl. Geo. Williamson, 2842, C Co., No. 10 Platoon, 1-4th Gordon Highlanders; Drummer C. H. Day, 14905, 4th Royal Fusrs.; Sergt. A. D. Hood, 9731, 1st Royal Inniskillen Fusrs.; Pte. G. Brown, 13179, A. Co., 1st Welsh Regt.; Pte. C. A. Goodeve, 11032, A Co., 9th West Yorks; Pte. J. A. Crosman, 13th Batt. Royal Highlanders of Canada; Pte. F. E. Perry, 2846, A Co., 15th Beds.; Pte. L. Godley, 8940, B Co., 9th East Surreys; Pte. W. C. Moorhouse, 2674, A Co., 42nd E. L. Division, 1-6th Manchesters; Pte. J. W. Summerhill, 14294, D Co., 10th Cameronians; A.-Cpl. A. Clifford, 14742, B Co., 8th Royal Berks; Pte. P. Redmond, 15844, 1st R. S. Fusrs.; Cpl. C. H. Howell, 8906, No. 2 Co., 1st Coldstream Gds.; Pte. James Lindsay, 17811, D Co., 13th Platoon, 9th Scottish Rifles; Pte. Donald Kinipple, 1st Australian Infantry Brigade; Pte. C. Higgings, 11710, 6th Platoon, X Co., 8th West Ridings; Pte. S. Latchford, 32884, G Co., 2-1st R. Fusrs.; Cpl. F. P. Lander, 793 or 798, Royal Bucks Hussars; Sap. F. Jones, 11513, 17th Co., R.E.; Pte. T. Whitley, 20973, B Co., 2nd R. Scots; Driver E. Smith, 12471, 367th Batt., 146th Brigade, 28th Division; Pte. L. Hampton, B Co., 7th Cameronians; Pte. F. C. Timbrell, 13666, A Co., 8th Royal Berks; Trooper A. J. Blackmore, 2966, 1st Life Guards.

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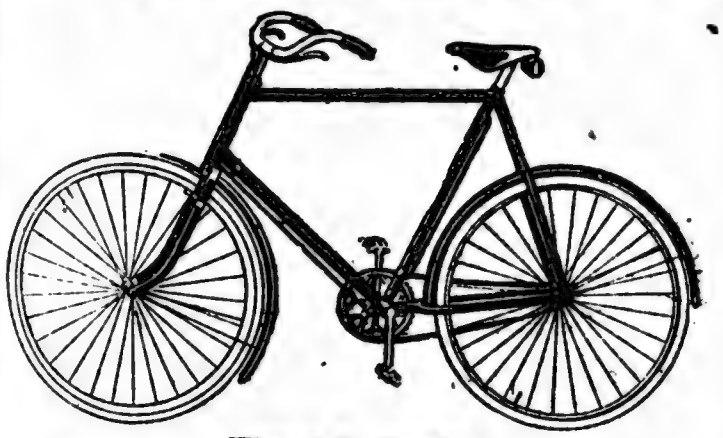

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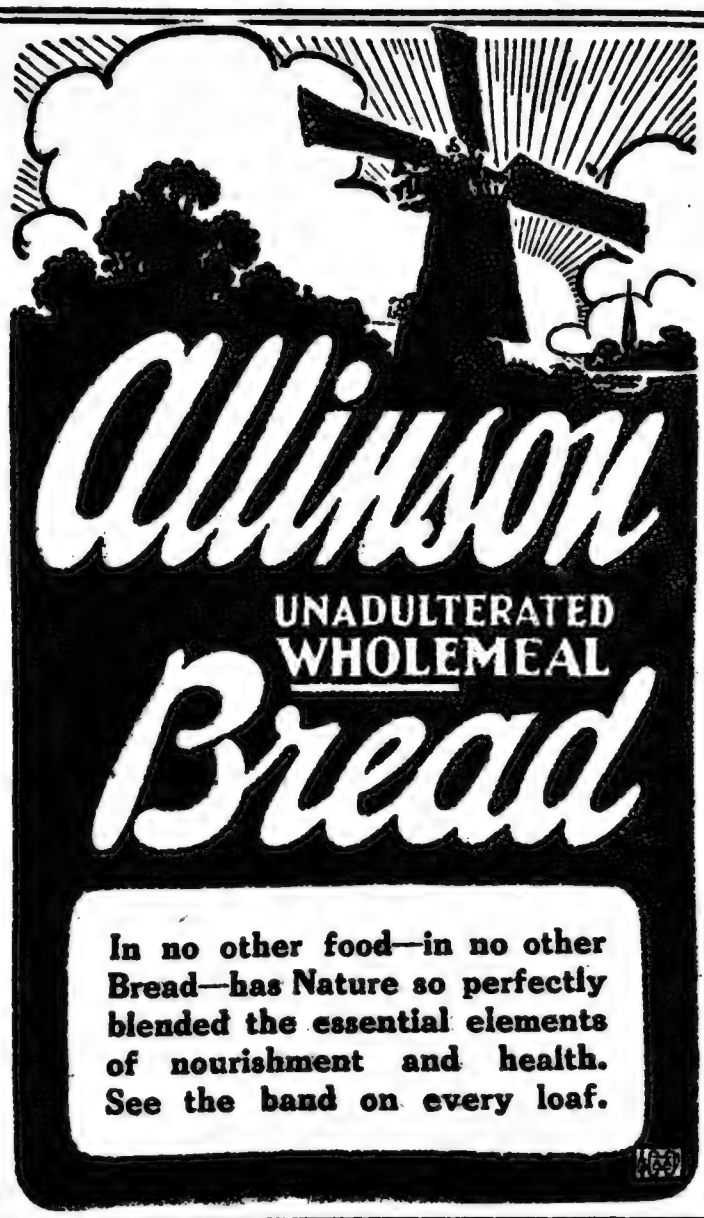
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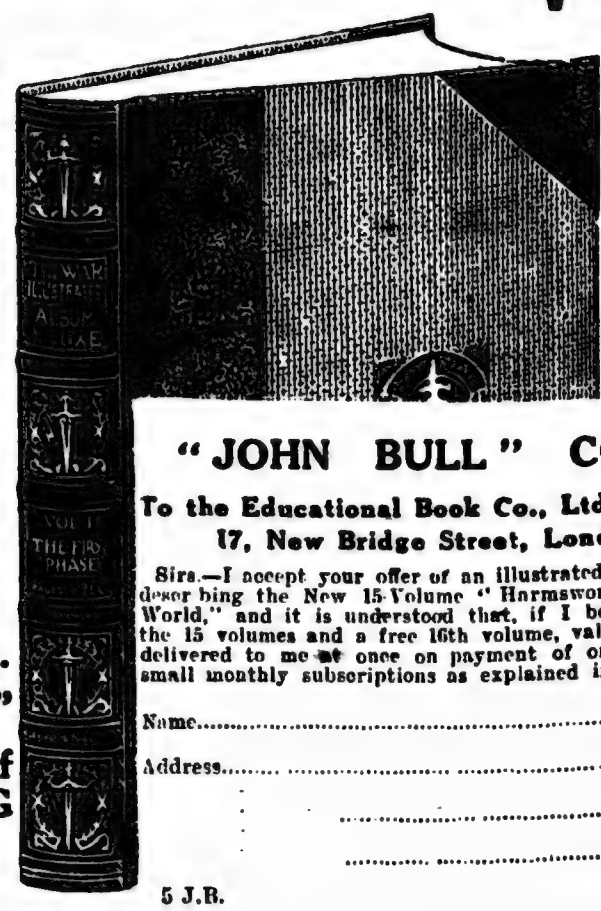

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5 J.B.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

SIR WILLIAM BYLES, M.P.

Good evenin'. . . . *'Air cuttin'?* Yes-sir. Another five minutes an' you'd bin too late, sir. . . . *'Ow's that?* W'y, I close at eight, sir. It's five to, now, sir. . . . Too late! Nasty words, them, sir. We've 'eard too much of 'em lately, sir—them an' wait an' see. If we'd listened to some o' the cranks wot yapped in the 'Ouse o' Commons before the wore, we shouldn't on'y 'ave bin late wiv pritty near *h*every think, but we should 'ave bin down an' out be now. . . . *'Oo do I mean pertickler?* W'y, I 'ad Sir William Byles in me mind. Don't know w'y, unless it wos the touch o' liver I 'ad this mornin'. You know, sir bile. . . *Disrespeckful?* Not at orl, sir. You couldn't be disrespeckful to a man like 'im. Bilious Byles, Bottomley calls 'im, ha, ha! An' the name fits 'im like a glove—English make. . . . *W'y this bitterness against Byles?* Well, sir, if you'd followed 'is speeches as close as wot I 'ave you wouldn't ask thet. Wot did 'e say in Nineteen-O-Eight? *You don't remember? Well I do.* 'E sed "We've never 'ad an explanation w'y we want so large an Expeditionary Force as 160,000 men. 'Oo do we want to kill?" 'e sed. "'Oo's 'ouses do we want to burn? 'Oo's crops do we want to destroy?" You see, sir, if 'e'd 'ad 'is way we wouldn't 'ave 'ad enough men to send to Frawnce w'en the wore broke out, an' the Boches would 'ave bin in Paris an' Callis be now. Thet's the sorter man we're payin' four 'undred a yer to! Wicked, I call it. . . . *Absurd to bring a man's parst speeches against 'im?* It may be inconvenient for the bloke wot made them, but I carn't agree it's absurd. Thet's one way o' judgin' the value of our Hem Pees. W'y, in Nineteen-O-Nine 'e sed, "I 'ave no appre'ension of a German invasion." If they'd orl bin like Sir Bilious Byles we should 'ave bin in a pritty pickle be now. . . . *Nonsense?* It *ain't* nonsense, pawdon me. But I should 'ave died 'appy if I'd seen blokes like Byles put through it before it came to my turn. . . . *Gentlemen like Sir William Byles think as much about the country as wot I do?* 'Ow can they? Wot did Byles say in Nineteen-thirteen? 'E sed, "Wot is Empire Day, an' wot does it celebrate?" There's a pritty patriot for yer! 'E's one o' the blighters 'oo objected to the school-kids 'oistin' the Union Jack on Empire Day—the mean-minded, w'ite-livered skunks! The same yer 'e sed, "I believe thet as long as England be'aves 'erself among the nations she will 'ave every nation 'er friend." Be'aves 'erself! There's a Britisher for yer! The dirty, cold-footed swab! . . . . Eh? *'Ow dare I?* 'Ow dare I wot? . . . *Tork like thet about Byles?* Cert'n'y I dare! W'y not? . . . *Becos* YOU'RE *Sir William Byles?* Well I never! This is wot I call a bit o' luck. I withdraw nuthink. I'm glad I've 'ad the charnce. You can git one o' yore German friends to finish yore 'air. I've done with it. . . . Out you go, please, it's parst time. . . .

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RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Winter racing still goes on flourishing, and at Gatwick on Saturday there was quite a large crowd present. The defeat of Ambassador, who lost through his own irritability both before and during the race, was a great blow to backers, but the victories of George B, Coldreen, Drumlanrig, and Father Confessor put them well on the right side at the end.

At Lingfield BUNCH O' KEYS should take the January Selling Hurdle; INITIATOR, the Guest Hall Maiden Hurdle; and CORTIGAN'S PRIDE the Westerham Steeplechase. On Saturday, CURVET looks to have the winning of the Surrey Selling Hurdle. SAUCEPAN ought to win the Hever Hurdle, and LIMEROCK the Dorman's S'chase.

Wires will be despatched for each day at Lingfield. One day, 5s.; two days, 8s. Please order early to me, c.o. JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The *Special*, published on Thursday, will deal specially with the meeting. Please send your orders to our publishers, Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Owing to pressure upon space, we are compelled to hold over Mr. Corri's Boxing Notes.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 16.

Six readers sent coupons showing three errors, and share the £100 prize; each receives £16 13s. 4d.

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The following have sent in correct claims:—

A. S. HIBBERT, St. Michael's Road, Louth, Lincs. 656,627. November 13th.
WM. CURRAH, Park Row, Knaresboro'. 955,665. December 25th.
Mrs. C. PRATT, 248, Uphall Road, Ilford. 331,468. January 1st.
JAS. McILVEEN, 32, Seventh Street, Belfast. 029,277. January 1st.
Mrs. A. THOMSON, 39, Montague Street, Edinburgh. 017,148. January 8th.
PETER WALSH, 2nd Engr., s.s. "Rossano," c/o Toyne, Carter and Co., Fowey. 171,819. January 8th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 22nd:—

000531	277394	524323	787194	A144774
002353	300132	530371	814259	A169003
025925	32 411	557439	834937	A192188
061334	3 1319	593127	862237	A222893
100012	384 37	623473	894332	A263482
129323	399001	672 13	931378	A283379
154714	400613	683134	952258	A302867
215 73	425743	700437	A000291	A305140
236300	432325	71 [illegible]	A033927	A377909
250531	514402	753712	A077524	A332003

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The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published February 2nd).

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[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

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LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"SOUTHAMPTONIAN" (Southampton) was hoping to see our name in the list of New Year Honours. Ye gods! What *have* we done to deserve that?

R. F. (Durham).—Let us hope it will turn out that there are fewer slackers slacking than there are quackers quacking and muddlers muddling.

H. A. (Tooting) and OTHERS.—So you don't think it a matter of any importance that the heir apparent to the British Throne should have a German motto for his crest?

J. C. R. (Cork).—There is no "epidemic of drunkenness devastating the country" That is characteristic of the wild way you people talk.

H. P. (Loughborough).—The question of the employment of Jap. troops in Europe is one for the Allied Governments. We do not know all the arguments. But why not use our own coloured troops?

J. J. (Bedford Park) and OTHERS.—Thanks for sending copies of the prospectus of the Gunnersbury School of Music, High Road, Chiswick, in which Herrn. Wilhelm, Hahn, Kreutzmann, Mulder, Stoll and Dittel are mentioned as professors. Although recently distributed, however, the order for the prospectus was given in September, 1914—and it was doubtless compiled prior to the outbreak of war and printed before public opinion had assumed its present attitude in consequence of outrages by the Huns.

"POPLARITE" (Cubitt Town).—There has been no change in our War Insurance scheme, the only alteration being that one registration form serves the purpose of both regular subscribers and weekly purchasers.

E. W. W. (Brixton).—If they had "nothing better than a Germhun incandescent mantle at twice the normal price" and they gave you your money back because you would "rather do without it," all's square.

TROOPER L. (C.E.F., France).—"The snobbish politicians who are trying to rob us of so valiant a soldier and leader as Kitchener have scarcely the guts of a louse." Your inside view of things is vigorous and free.

J. B. (Saltcoats).—'The latest Germhun submarine ruse is the hoisting of sails, which makes the warship look like a fishing boat." Makes it look fishy, in fact.

B. C. W. (Bath) asks whether the Attorney-General's recent statement that "of all the millions of soldiers who have from time to time been collected in this country, and with the mass of grave offences which naturally have occurred in this country from the beginning of the war, not one man has been shot from the time of the outbreak of war until the present day," is consistent with a recent paragraph of ours in which we reproduced a soldier's letter to his wife, stating that he was to be shot for cowardice. The answer, as Mr. Attorney would say, is in the affirmative—our paragraph related to a man serving abroad, and since you wrote its accuracy has been admitted by Mr. Tennant.

J. A. (Wingate) asks "Why should not Will Crooks, M.P., come to the door in his shirt sleeves?" We have no objection to that. But why, before posing, didn't he ask the photographer to wait until he put on his coat?

J. P. M. (Ingledene).—The point is whether the "gentleman of Germhun birth" who "lately purchased (1912) the land contiguous to Prussia Cove" (Cornwall) is in possession now.

J. F. (Liverpool).—Do not be too clever, please. It is quite appropriate to address his Majesty the King as "Sir": in fact, it is the correct way.

C. W. (Heewall).—Too much for the Kaiser's stomach, eh? He will be a lot sicker before he is through.

"MAUD" (Seacombe).—What your lady friend told you a lady friend of Mrs. A. q ith told her is obviously untrue. Do not let your hat run away with your head.

"ANNIE" (Penarth).—You can probably leave the "mysterious signalling," if any, in the hands of the police.

H. R. (Poplar) says it is a shame that a few so-called patriotic Englishmen have succeeded in obtaining the release of an interned Germhun baker, and are now trying to obtain the release of his friend, another Hun. No wonder you cut up crusty about it.

MONS. B. (Belgian Refugee) says the head of a large school near London is a Germhun woman, "the Kaiser's great admirer, who sent every year a present for his birthday." Forty English girls are in the school, he adds.

"SHOPMATES" (Stratford).—We have never met either Tommy Burns or Jack Johnson in the ring, and are therefore unable to say which has got the "longer reach"—nor are we particularly anxious to find out.

M. (London, S.E.).—We do *not* forget what is expected of the highly-paid Bishops But do we get it?

A. B. (Liverpool).—We do not agree that Prussia Street, Liverpool, should be "blotted out." But its name certainly should be.

H. A. (Gilford, Co. Down) asks: "Is it true that there is a powerful tunnel being made under France by the Germans?" An' phwat is a powerful tunnel at all?

C. H. (Nelson).—If praying for England is better than fighting for her, we had better disband our armies and all go down on our knees. The Kaiser would like to catch us bending.

"JAY." (Southampton).—Your name should be spelt "Jackass," not Jackson.

J. H. H. (Lowestoft).—"Spray Germany with coal tar"? Certainly not! That would be supplying the enemy with raw material.

"BAR" (New Cross).—We consider that the man in the trenches is doing most for his country, for he is risking limb and life for a shilling a day, whereas the munitions worker labours in security for good money.

A. D. (Ovingham).—Well, Parliament *did* adjourn on December 11th, and there was no cataclysm in consequence.

"JOLLY JACK" (H.M.S. *Centurion*).—Sorry we cannot tell you where the German eagle which once disgraced the flagstaff of Hereford Town Hall has fluttered to. Let it suffice that it has come down off its perch.

"A.N. ATOM" (London, E.C.) says: "Treat Ireland as a Colony." That is what the Irish want. We allow our colonies, to all intents and purposes, to govern themselves.

C. H. (Nelson).—If it is revealed to you in your prayers that K. of K. has been against us, there must be something wrong with your praying machinery. Consult a brain specialist.

"ONE OF THE CREW."—The fact that Trooper Thompson took the wheel of the transport *Mercian* when the steersman was killed is a credit to him and no reflection on the crew, who were all at their posts. The report you send does not hint at "cowardice." That is a word nobody would be liar enough to apply to a British seaman.

PTE. S. H. (A.S.C.).—Thanks for cutting; but we cannot understand how Harding, the old V.C., can be in a "state of destitution." If necessary, the Cross carries with it a pension of £50 a year—which cannot be alienated—and, in addition, the old man should be receiving the usual naval pension and an allowance for his recent injuries.

C. M. S. (Tooting, S.W.).—We would infinitely prefer total abolition (with adequate compensation to the "trade") to the existing absurd, futile and irritating restrictions upon the sale of drink.

I. J. (Leicester) foretells a time when the egregious Ramsay Macdonald "will be listened to and honoured." We refuse to believe the British people will ever sink to such depths.

"THE WOBBLER."—Cannot say where you can obtain the music to the old song "Wait and see me dance the polka." Why not inquire courteously of Mr. Asquith?

"ANTI-HUMBUG" (B.N. Borneo).—We do not know how much the Archbishops and Bishops have contributed to the various war funds. Perhaps they are a folk who do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.

Look out for the "Beautiful Children" competition in "Everywoman's Weekly."

"VICTIM."—Please communicate fully with us, in confidence, sending the original documents.

"SYMPATHISER."—We regret that the 2s. 6d. you sent for the benefit of the old lady who had been saving a penny a week to buy a rabbit for Christmas has been returned by the Post Office, the envelope marked "Not to be found." We, therefore, fear the old soul has lost her home as well as her dinner. In the circumstances we have added the money, and four other small sums sent also by anonymous donors, to our War Sufferers' Fund—the acknowledgments appearing in this issue.

THE SECRETARY OF THE HAGGERSTON LIBERAL SLATE CLUB would like us to point out that his association is in no way connected with the "Haggerston Sick and Provident Society," whose methods we recently criticised in our article entitled "Penalised for Patriotism." We have much pleasure in complying with the request.

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (York).—Very many thanks for your further gift of £10, which is being dealt with as you desire. The balance of your previous donation has now been distributed as wished by you.

"STAGE STRUCK" (Worthing).—We are quite unable to judge from your handwriting whether you would succeed as a public performer. You would, however, probably pick up useful hints by reading in *Everywoman's Weekly* the "Don'ts" for actresses, by Miss Genevieve Ward—the famous artiste who, though 78 years of age, is appearing at the St. James's Theatre.

T. S. (Crouch End).—No, we have not "seen the picture of the Royal Group at Palace Edinburgh, Coburg," and do not know what you mean. What's the matter with it? Germhun?

"HUSBAND" (London).—Cannot tell you "why the employées at the Cambden Steam Laundry are not receiving a bonus." Perhaps the proprietor thinks they can rub along without it.

"THIN-END-OF-THE-WEDGE."—We should say the most practical value of the Ordnance Map lies in the fact that it guides the thirsty traveller to the nearest inn—which, however, he may find closed when he reaches it.

R. L. M. (Newcastle).—"Oh, why all this babble in our talking shop, The time is now passed to bring in the crop, The youth of the country has had a fair chance, Whilst their married comrades faced horrors in France." If you write much more poetry like this, you'll sooner or later have to face horrors in England.

G. W. (Old Hill).—Berlin is the capital of Germhuny, but we believe it is not now on the Spree.

Miss H. (Chiswick).—If the closing date of our "Bullets" Competition does not allow you sufficient time to think out good efforts, you can be studying the twenty advance examples published every week. This will give you an extra seven days.

"KITCHENER'S" (Bantams).—"Can it be possible that a certain clerk in one of the colliery offices at South Hetton has not even attested under Lord Derby's scheme?" It can.

C. E. J. (Tinsley).—Nothing in your criticism of "a good time round the Christmas tree this year." "Round the Christmas tree last year" would sound out of date. You will have to whistle for that half-a-crown.

C. G. (Acton Green).—"Full steam a Head, lads, full steam a Head, Full Steam the line is clear, Unity of action will dissipate the notion that Belsebub will ever win the War." If we published your twenty other couplets in that strain, our readers would throw things at us.

F. C. H. (Edin.).—What is offered is a "simulation" 18ct. watch. It is trick advertising of an audacious character, and we advise you to have nothing to do with the Bargain Watch Co., 89, Cornwallis Road, London, N.

G. W. (W. Hampstead).—If, in spite of warnings, people *will* buy their tea from such people as Slade, Garrish and Co. they must take the consequences. The tea is sold as a packet, not by weight.

D. O. (Nelson).—"Please tell me if Mrs. Lloyd George owned few hundred acres of land previous to 1909." We do not know and we do not care. Ask the hubby.

J. F. (Porth).—If the Relieving Officer correctly reports that "there is not one pauper receiving relief in Montgomery," why not economise the Relieving Officer?

"MATRON" (Pembroke Dock).—What do you mean when you ask: "How can I possibly dispose of a child (due next month)?" "Dispose of" has too ugly a sound to suit our ears. Look after the mite when it comes, to the best of your ability. Babies are priceless in these times.

Miss O. S. (Uxbridge).—Very careless of the tram conductor to punch the tickets so that the watch advertisement on the back read: "The only cheap watch that will [ ] fool you." There's many a true word spoken by accident.

Mrs. L. (Hull) says, "You are breezy and fresh. I know your veiled meanings are real and your unveiled not so bad." We are unmasked.

S. E. (Basingstoke).—Over and over again we have warned the public against Williams and Lloyd, who are impudent trading tricksters. The Bargain Watch Company, a similar fake business, is at the same address.

"TRANSPORT" (Scotland).—"Is the room used by Mary Queen of Scots in Edinburgh Castle or Holyrood Palace?" You don't mean to say the reports of that playful lady's death have been exaggerated?

"A SUSSEX BIRD."—We are too much occupied with realities to trouble about your dream. Moderate your diet.

P. C. (Parkestone).—The Church of England receives no financial support from the State—only recognition of certain privileges, such as the collection of tithes, for instance.

H. G. (South Benfleet).—Various conflicting decisions regarding the legality of the "Clown" automatic machine are being given from day to day in the lower Courts, and until the matter has definitely been decided, we advise you not to risk unpleasantness with the police and licensing authorities by continuing to maintain one on your premises—harmless as it is.

"A WOMAN ALONE."—Let your boy stay at the engineers'. He could not learn a better trade. If you make a clerk of him, you will be sorry for it. And so will he.

J. W. (near Rotherham) tells us of a schoolmaster "who raffles his cockerels off at 2d. each amongst the school children." We wouldn't mind taking a couple of tickets, provided the birds are warranted not to crow.

GNR. S. (Woodbridge).—The population of Russia is somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood of 170,000,000.

H. W. (Herne Hill, S.E.) on the night of Friday, 7th Jan., running to catch a train, tripped, fell, and lost his watch in Water Lane, Ludgate Hill, E.C. Will the finder be good enough to communicate with us?

"A TRUE BRITISH SUBJECT" charges us with defending "the fatted calfs of the brewers." We thought it was the brewers' draymen who had the fatted "calfs."

"BUSINESS" (Barry).—Many thanks for the 8s. for "The Man on the Corner." We should much like to forward the penny each to the Magistrate and the L.C.C. Inspector who were so active against the poor paper-seller—but, *lese-majesté!*

"A DISGUSTED COUNCILLOR."—We entirely approve of the Act for the compulsory notification of measles. Surely a child's life is worth more than the 2s. 6d. you grouse about.

"DISGUSTED WORKMAN" says that never from the first has he cared for our look. Sorry. It is the only face we possess. However, beauty's only skin deep.

G. T. (Stoke Newington).—The burgesses of our cities are citizens, even though the mass of the population are merely subjects. But as you suggest, perhaps we *were* prophetic.

W. A. (Groningen).—If you are the only man of the Mersey Division, R.N.V.R., making picture frames at Groningen, it certainly becomes mysterious when a Liverpool shop requests orders for frames "made in Holland by men of the Mersey Division" at 3s. each. Your price is 2s. 6d. a pair, and you wonder where the others come from, as you do not supply them.

W. B. McC. (Glasgow).—You see, we were not sure that you could afford more than half-penny at one time.

"SOME LANGUAGE" (B.E.F., France).—We have had much pleasure in adding to our War Sufferers' Fund the 15s. collected in five minutes by imposing a franc fine for every swear word. Good boys. Swear on, swear often—as is well-known our troops always did in Flanders.

A. G. (Eastney).—So you have "never sent anything to a paper before." Well, since it is your first offence, we will let you off with a caution.

D. F. (Edinburgh).—Elmer E. Knowles and Captain Walter Rand are both predatory Yankees, and equally mischievous.

"YOURS TRULY" (Brighton).—You've taken JOHN BULL for twenty years? Then you must be our *very* oldest subscriber. We've been published only ten!

C. S. (Cambridge).—If you don't mind cold weather, and have the strength of will to master a stiffish proposition, we should advise you to study the Russian rather than the Spanish language.

"A CITIZEN" says we can "go to Hell." We will discuss matters with him later on.

W. J. C. (Sparkbrook).—1. British. 2. In English law, British. 3. A man born in Lancs. of Yorks. parents would be a Lancastrian. 4. A man born on a British ship would be, in English law, a British subject.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

The Pen of Peace, the Pen of War, the "John Bull" Pen.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

"FREE" SPEECH.

CITY MAN (*heartily*): These peace cranks are having a roughish time at their meetings lately. They are beginning to find out what is the temper of the country.

MALE ODDITY: You refer to the recent disgraceful interference with the rights of free speech on the part of soldiers and other hooligans, I presume?

CITY MAN: Steady, sir—steady! Be careful what you say. Don't class our brave lads with hooligans, if *you* please! I have a boy of my own wearing his Majesty's uniform, and I won't allow khaki to be insulted.

MALE ODDITY (*sneering*): We are to be deprived of the right of free speech not only at public meetings but in railway carriages also, it seems.

CITY MAN: All depends on what you mean by "free speech," sir. If you interpret it as meaning liberty to say what you like in public, you are very much mistaken. There's a difference between liberty and licence.

MALE ODDITY: By "free speech" I mean exactly what I say. Our forefathers fought and died for it—

CITY MAN: When? Where?

MALE ODDITY: Never mind when and where. The fact remains.

CITY MAN: The fact remains that you are talking through your hat. Our laws have never allowed a man to say exactly what he likes in public. Look at the blasphemy laws, for example. There is a limit for even the most excited orator in Hyde Park.

MALE ODDITY: Nevertheless, freedom of speech is one of the most cherished rights of the British subject.

CITY MAN: Nonsense! Do you know that an Act is still in existence which empowers a constable to arrest a man for cursing and swearing? In the case of a labourer, a sailor, or a soldier, the punishment is a fine of 1s., to be devoted to the poor; every other person under the degree of a gentleman, 2s.; and every gentleman or person of superior rank, five "bob"! You had better remember that, sir, in case, when exercising your "right" of free speech you should inadvertently say "damn," or something a little stronger, and find yourself 2s. the poorer in consequence.

MALE ODDITY: *Five* shillings, sir, *five* shillings, please.

CITY MAN (*laughing*): My mistake. You would claim the gentleman's prerogative, I take it. Again, are you aware that to impute misconduct, gross ignorance, or incapacity to professional men in discharge of their professional duties is actionable, *without proof of special damage?* Also words which directly tend to prejudice anyone in his office, profession, trade or business?

MALE ODDITY: Pish! I did not ask you for a sermon on slander, sir. I was referring to freedom of speech as regards public questions, such as the war.

CITY MAN: Quite so. But I want to argue from analogy. You claim the right of freedom of speech, but you will admit that a man has no legal right to curse and swear in public or to slander a man to his detriment. You therefore must admit certain limitations to this fancied right of free speech, which you seem so keen about. Now, if a man has no right to slander another with impunity, can he have any moral right to slander his own country, and bring it into discredit and contempt in the eyes of other nations?

MALE ODDITY: What has that to do with the breaking up of lawful public meetings?

CITY MAN: Everything. Those meetings which you have in your mind have but one object—to weaken and discredit this country. The speakers invariably set out to slander the British Empire; and since the law permits such traitorous proceedings, it is only right that the public should take the matter into their own hands. These peace cranks abuse the so-called right of free speech, and then snivel if the loyal public pull them up. They forget there are no rights without responsibilities. *Think that over*, sir. Good-night.

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK.

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, February 5th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Burnley will beat Everton you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Everton will beat Burnley then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, February 4. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's Weekly*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Fin[illegible]

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Burnley	v.	Everton
			Bury	v.	Manchester U.
			Liverpool	v.	Blackpool
			Preston N. End	v.	Oldham A.
			Bradford	v.	Huddersfield
			Derby County	v	Notts C.
			Hull City	v.	Sheffield U.
			Leeds City	v.	Bradford C.
			Lincoln C.	v.	Barnsley
			Luton	v.	Brentford
			Croydon C.	v.	Clapton O.
			West Ham U.	v.	Tottenham H.
			Aberdeen	v	Celtic
			Clyde	..	Airdrieonians
			Dumbarton	v.	Hearts
			Hibernians	v.	Falkirk
			Queen's Park	v.	Kilmarnock
			Raith Rovers	v.	Partick Thistle

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 19 Closing date, Friday, February 4th.

LESS TOBACCO—MORE PIPE JOY

That's what the "LAST-WORD" PIPE means. A longer, cooler, nicotine-free, sweet-to-the-end smoke, plus a saving of quarter of your tobacco. Doesn't that interest you? And the

Last Word

THE UPSIDE DOWN PIPE

smokes as perfectly and easily in a violent gale as in your cosy den—it is absolutely rain, wind and storm proof. Although "upside down," it looks like an ordinary pipe, and **no ashes drop out.**

"Have used no other pipe for the last eight month—it is a blessing, a comfort and a joy."—J. R. W. Hammersmith, W.

PRICES.

	s.	d.
"Special"	3	0
Silver-mounted	3	9
"Extra," finest French briar, guaranteed ..	4	6
Silver-mounted do. ..	6	6

Postage abroad 6d. extra.

London made from special French briar in one piece; no loose parts to get out of order.

Photo, description, and guarantee on request.

J. Z. WYSE, 6, Gerrard Mansions, Gerrard Street, LONDON, W. Entrance opposite the Tivoli Restaurant and Maxim's Restaurant.

THE COMPANIES CONSOLIDATION ACT 1908 and 1913.

IN THE MATTER of The British Colonial Exploration Syndicate, Limited. (In Voluntary Liquidation.) Pursuant to Section 188 of the Companies Consolidation Act 1908, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Meeting of the Creditors of the above-named Company will be held at the Registered Office of the Company, 62 and 63, Queen Street, E.C. on Thursday the 3rd day of FEBRUARY 1916 at TWELVE o'clock Noon.

DATED the 19th day of January 1916.

(Signed) C. E. WARREN, Liquidator.

Riley's Remarkable Free Trial Offer.

A Splendid Billiard Table in your Home at once, for a small first payment NOW.

WHEN Riley's decided to make this extraordinary Free Trial offer they knew they ran no risk; for no one ever does send a Riley Billiard Table back—so greatly does it add pleasure to boresome winter evenings—so full is it of an unlimited power of profitably occupying the young folks' minds—and so excellently made to yield all the delights (even to an expert) of the full-sized Billiard Table.

If you send a P.O. now to-night, for 8s. 6d. you get carriage paid to your door (no charge for packages) within a few days the wonderful Riley Miniature Table specified below (size 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins., cash price 5 gns.), and if after 7 days' trial you are not satisfied, pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed. Anyone may learn the real, live game of Billiards in no time on a Riley Billiard Table; lose no time in putting one in your home; watch how it fills in the hours from tea till bed-time with an excitement at every moment, an interest to keep everyone enthralled from ten-year-old Tommy to Grandfather.

8/6

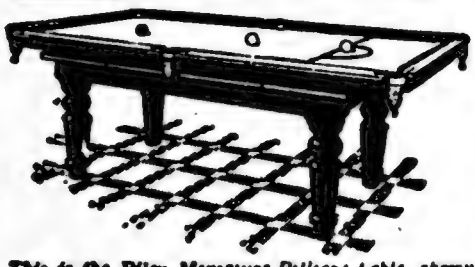
DOWN

brings to your home immediately

Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

8s. 6d. down—and then whilst you have the table you pay the balance in 12 consecutive monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit over an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Complete with all accessories. Other sizes—prices in proportion.



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on Dining Table.

IN addition to the Miniature Billiard Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by equal monthly instalments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining-Table

—really a magnificent piece of furniture which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over 13 months or 18 months. Cash prices from £13 10s.

FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries. Every Table as perfect as modern science and high-class workmanship can make it.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Premier Works, Accrington.
London Showrooms 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Called Up!

New duties to be done

new energies to be used; new modes of life to be commenced: take care that your zeal does not outrun your endurance.

Strengthen your reserve of health and strength before you start. A course of Hall's Wine will help you to take the field and "endure" with greater ease and safety and without fear of having to "give in."

Hall's Wine will give your system just the help it needs to meet these new conditions.

"It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without being benefited," declares a doctor; and a convalescent soldier writes: "If people only knew the good that Hall's Wine does, everybody would be taking it." *Be wise in time!*

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

GUARANTEE.—Buy a bottle of Hall's Wine to-day. If after taking half of it, you do not feel decided benefit simply return us the half-empty bottle, and we will at once refund your entire outlay.

Large size, 3s. 6d. Of Wine Merchants, &c.

Stephen Smith and Co., Ltd. Bow, London.

820

The "HANDY" Treasury Note Case

Carried in waistcoat, fob or hip pocket; convenient for slipping into a lady's handbag or soldier's tunic pocket.

PRICES AND DESCRIPTION—No. 1, Hexine, 1s. each; No. 3, Superior finish, 3s. 6d. each; No. 5, ditto, leather band, 5s. each. Postage on each 3d. extra. Specially suitable for advertising purposes—prices for quantities on application.

TAPP & TOOTHILL Ltd., 320, Brixton Rd., London S.W.

THE DEMAND FOR MOTOR DRIVERS IS GREATER THAN EVER. Learn at once.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING officially investigated and approved by "JOHN BULL"

Unlimited Practical Training until satisfied and proficient. Lowest Charges No extra fees.

Official B.S.M. Certificate and Free Benefits of B.S.M. Licensed Motor Employment Agency.

Call or send for particulars, and mention JOHN BULL.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING, Ltd., 5, COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

MAKE MONEY SELLING WAVERLEY HANDKERCHIEFS.

A good business can be worked up and the profit is nearly double what you pay, although you will be selling the handkerchiefs at a reasonable price. They are Durable and soft as silk.

Send Postal Order direct to the warehouse for a Trial 5s., 10s., or 20s. parcel

Wholesale only:—COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 8, Victoria Bridge, MANCHESTER.

CONTRACTORS TO THE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD CORPORATIONS.

? HAVE YOU WEAK NERVES ?

My 50-pp. BOOKLET IS FREE TO YOU for the asking. This remarkable work, entitled "Your Golden Opportunity," shows how, by my system of physical culture, all complaints arising from weak nerves may be cured, and how you may attain the limit of strength and endurance. Let this book show you the real road to health and happiness. Enclose two loose stamps, state your trouble, and receive my SPECIAL OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS and a sympathetic reply.

DO IT NOW!

THOMAS INCH, Health Consultant, 74b, Clarendon Road, Putney, London, S.W.

NO MORE ASTHMA

Every Asthma sufferer should know that Potter's Asthma Cure gives instant relief. The moment you inhale it the strangling coughing stops and you can breathe easily.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is the best remedy for bronchitis of children. Have you been a martyr to asthma and bronchitis for years? If so, keep a tin handy and use when required. Attacks will be prevented and peaceful sleep ensured. So that you may prove its value, accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" Tells all about the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day.

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd. Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

Dull, Drowsy, and Dyspeptic.

Severe Indigestion soon cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. Norman Clayton, 22, Trafford Avenue, Harehills Lane, Leeds, says:—"I had an unnatural craving for food, but instead of feeling better for what I ate it only made me uncomfortable. There was always a sinking feeling at my stomach, and latterly acute pains and flatulence. Wind used to gather round my heart and in my body, causing intense suffering. When not in pain I was always drowsy and tired. I had no heart for work, no interest in anything, and my nerves were so shaken that I was irritable and moody.

"All sorts of indigestion mixtures I tried, but none of them did any real good. Sometimes I felt a little easier, but never for long. The old trouble always returned. Then on advice I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after a few doses felt easier. As I continued taking them I grew stronger and healthier daily, and now am completely cured."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-Nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
Spinal Paralysis	Kidney Disease	Palpitation
Infantile Paralysis	Indigestion	Premature Decay
Nervous Debility	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh

Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., *and* 3s.—*the* 3s. *size being the most economical.*

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY sent on receipt of name and address and TWO penny stamps for postage and packing.

Apply Dr Cassell's Co. Ltd., Box B.G. 62 Chester Road, Manchester.

FIDLER'S SEEDS GROW!

FALSE ECONOMY

IT is false economy to risk the chances of indifferent vegetable crops by sowing seeds of unknown source or quality. **Fidler's Vegetable** and **Flower Seeds** are all grown from carefully selected and most **prolific** varieties. Moreover, **Fidler's** reputation is behind every packet of seeds they sell. It will pay you to send now for their **1916 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, FREE,** which includes descriptions and prices of their famous seed potatoes as well as the finest vegetables & Flower Seeds.

Fidler & Sons, Seedsmen, READING.

REMNANTS Make money quickly by selling my Remnants of Prints, Flannelettes, Towels, small wares, Hosiery, Overalls, Blouses, &c. My 10/- and 15/- Blouse length parcels sell quickly at big profits. Price List and advice free.

HARRY H. CLEGG (Dept. J.B.), 50, Newton Street, Manchester. (Old English Firm.)

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of

HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE

—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 8d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

FOR COMFORT

Get a Genuine

SALMON ODY TRUSS

SUPPLIED ONLY FROM SALMON ODY CO. 7, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

PARTICULARS FREE. *Est. 110 years.*

Madam SARAH BERNHARDT: "Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Chest, Throat, and Voice, and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S **PINELYPTUS** PASTILLES

BRONCHO-LARYNGEAL

CHEST. THROAT. VOICE

ASTHMA. CATARRH. COUGH

A Boon to Singers, Clergymen, Teachers. Insist on having "PINELYPTUS." Recommended by Miss Ellen Terry. Sold by Chemists and Stores only in Boxes, 13½d. and 2s. 1d.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money. When replying to advertisements, be careful to write your name and address clearly.

BOVRIL

GIVES STRENGTH TO WIN.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

INSIST ON

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FOR YOUR DOG.

Every reader of "John Bull" should have

The "REVERSIBLE"

Treasury Note Case

(Prov. Patent 5022).

The best means of carrying £1 and 10/- Notes. Made in real Leather, with initials in gold, 2s. 8d. post free.

A Most Useful Present.

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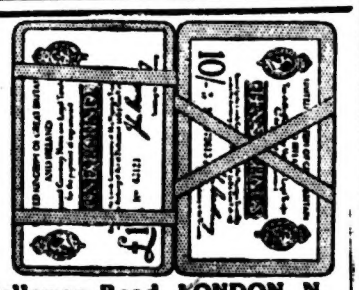

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Write for Patterns of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear, Furs, Sewing Machines, Footwear, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Prams, Linen, Silver Novelties, etc. J. G. GRAVES, Limited

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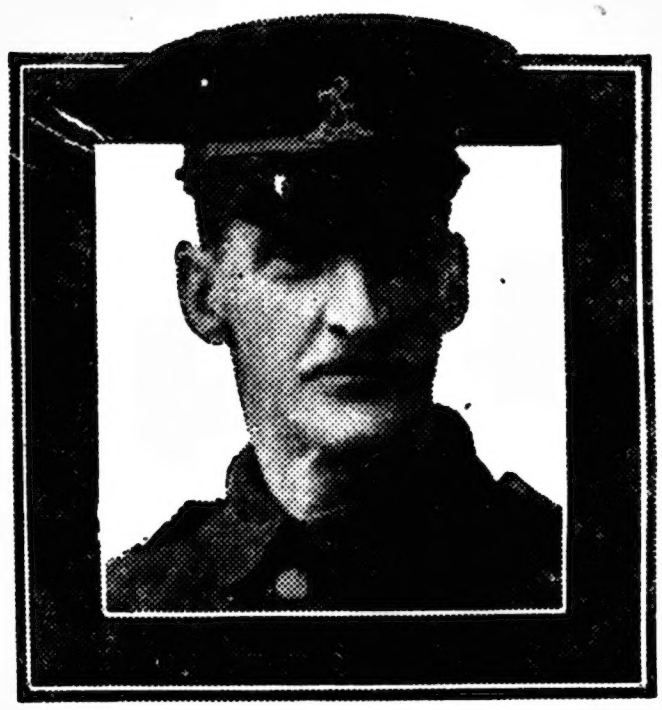


SERGEANT A. DIMMOCK

Royal West Kents

British Expeditionary Force

"Now I have enlisted for the fourth time, I rely upon Phosferine as my sole medicine, and it never fails me. Since about 12 years ago, when I sent you a testimonial, I have taken Phosferine regularly, and confirm the opinion I expressed then, that it is the finest tonic in the world. I am 54 years of age and feel 30. I have not had a day's illness since taking Phosferine. I have found it invaluable as a brain food, and as a result my nerves are in a splendid condition. I never feel shaky now, although well past the meridian of life, and my mother who is 83 also uses Phosferine. My comrades and self always recommend Phosferine to anyone who complains of being run-down through hard work and exposure and sometimes hurried meals, it's such a safe remedy. Phosferine is like an old drill instructor, it bucks one up. If anyone wants to do a good turn to 'Tommy' at the front, send him a 2s. 9d. Bottle or Tube of Phosferine."

This notably efficient and zealous Sergeant declares Phosferine makes his fifty-four years feel like thirty only, for he has really proved Phosferine is the motive power behind the unflagging brain-energy and muscular activity of his last 15 years—in effect, Phosferine prevented the *ageing* and break-up of nerve centres, Phosferine roused all the nerve processes to create that unfailing vigour and staying power which prevails over all natural disabilities.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	**Neuralgia**	**Lassitude**	**Backache**
Influenza	**Maternity Weakness**	**Neuritis**	**Rheumatism**
Indigestion	**Premature Decay**	**Faintness**	**Headache**
Sleeplessness	**Mental Exhaustion**	**Brain-Fag**	**Hysteria**
Exhaustion	**Loss of Appetite**	**Anæmia**	**Sciatica**

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily and at less cost than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses as no water is needed.

The 2/9 tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

FIRST AND FOREMOST!

"BULLETS" IS THE OLDEST AND STILL THE MOST ATTRACTIVE COMPETITION NOW RUNNING.

2ND PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250	2ND PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

OVER £1,000 in PRIZES to be WON this WEEK.

☛ Please note that Competitors can now make use of two extra coupons, which are to be found on the page opposite.

No. Closing date, Thursday, February 3rd.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(174) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

_____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 174," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, February 3rd.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(174) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

Signed _____

Address _____

_____

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition, **No. 175. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **175** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 175, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 175.

WHEN CALLED UP	ESCAPES NOTICE	CLEARING THE AIR	MODEL WIFE
LEADING MAN	MINDING THE BABY	GIVEN AWAY	A FAIR COP
MAKES KAISER ILL	COMMON SIGHT	A REGULAR SMASHER	KNOWING DOG
HOOKING IT	AGREES WITH FATHER	LATEST INVENTION	EMBRACES A LOT
TELLING ANOTHER	NOBODY LIKES	A BAD EGG	MEETING BILL

Soldiers and Sailors desiring to send extra "Bullets" may submit them on plain paper. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" submitted must be enclosed. If possible entry fees should be paid by English postal-orders. English stamps and notes on the Bank of France will also be accepted. No other notes of any kind will be accepted.

This week's list of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 174:—

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR
WHEN LONDON SLEEPS
SURRENDER POLICY
WINNING FIRST PRIZE
FAST FRIENDS
MOST PROVOKING WHEN
ABLE SEAMAN
AFTER LIGHTS OUT
CONVEYS NOTHING
WATCHING THE CLOCK
WAITING TO BE FETCHED
THE KAISER'S FAILING
RED CROSS NURSE
REPAIRING HOME
FROM BAD TO WORSE
ARTIST'S MODEL
CATCHING IT HOT
PROHIBITED AREA
WOMAN WHO KNOWS
NOT ELIGIBLE
A GOOD DRINK
PLEASES EVERYBODY
MAKES MOTHER TALK
SOON FORGOTTEN
GOING TO SMASH
NO JOKE
A RAPID RISE
LATE HUSBAND
MOVING DAY
BAD MARK

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
BAD MARK
Bullet:—
TOMMY GETS AT SCHOOL.
Example:—
A RAPID RISE
Bullet:—
DIRECTOR'S SON GETS.
Example:—
SOON FORGOTTEN.
Bullet:—
OPTIMIST'S TROUBLES.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated February 9th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly" dated January 29th.

ULT 171ST BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. W. MUNDAH,
29, Elgin Road,
Seven Kings, Essex.

Example:—TOMMY'S FAVOURITE.
Bullet:—SUPERIOR OFFICER WHO ISN'T.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. J. H. WATKINS,
3, Victoria Road,
Garndiffaith, Mon., S. Wales.

Example:—PRINCIPAL GIRL.
Bullet:—WEARS NOTHING "VERY LONG."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mrs. BARRINGTON, 188, Thornton Road, Moss Side, Manchester:
A BARE EXISTENCE—IMPLIES WANT OF "DELICACY."
Mr. H. G. WILLIAMS, 683, Washwood Heath Rd., Birmingham:
WELCOME CHANGE—WHEN "WHAT'S YOURS?" RETURNS.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. SPEARMAN, 33, Chrvssell Road, N. Brixton London, S.W.:
MUCH TOO DEEP—APPEARING TO "SWALLOW EVERYTHING."
Mr. R. J. PATEY, 26, Ormiston Road, Shepherd's Bush:
STEADY HANDS—"BECOME" THE EMPLOYER.
Mr. J. N. BENSON, 73 Grange Road, Birkenhead:
PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT—MOST CHARITIES GET.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon).
Mr. WM. PERKIN, 1, Turner Street, Westnoughton
AFTER THE WELLING—GET YOUR HAIR CUT.
Mr. WM. M. MORETON, Jun., Ship Hotel, Salford, Manchester:
A BARE EXISTENCE—ONE "STRIPPED" OF PLEASURES.
Mr. FRANK LEUGER, 39, Albert Street, Grange Villa, S.O., Co. Durham:
AFTER THE WEDDING—HE REGRETS BEING "HASTY."
Mr. T. R. BURNS, Watchmaker, Nicolson Street, Edinburgh:
MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION—VERY "SIMPLE" TO MAKE.
Mr. ROBERT CRAWFORD, 12, Kimberley Terrace, New Shildon, Co Durham:
COMPELLED TO MOVE—LANDLORD BEFORE TENANT DOES.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. W. J. MOORE, Engineer, c.o. Pier Office, Northern Patrol, c.o. G.P.O.:
TELLING THE WIFE—EVERYTHING—FOOL OR LIAR.
Mr. R. GILLMER, 29, Barron Road, Streatham, London, S.W.:
GERMAN OFFICIAL—He's "FORBIDDING," AS USUAL.
Mr. J. HUXTABLE, Secy. B. and N.D.P.B. Building Society, Barnstaple:
LEARNING HIS LESSON—DISCOVERING WHO'S THE "SHARPER."
Mr. A. F. HASNESS, 221, Caledonian Road, London, N.:
MIGHTY DEEP—IT IS—ASK GERMANY.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. J. JACKSON, 4, North Street, Horncastle:
MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION—TO "LIBERATE" A MAN.
Mr. W. E. GOODENOUGH, 81, Northbrook Street, Newbury:
STEADY HANDS—SOON FIND THEIR "FEET."
Mr. C. WILLIAMS, 7, Alexandra Street, Cambridge:
GERMAN OFFICIAL—MOTTO—VENGEANCE IS "MINE."
Mr. PERCY JIGGO, 11, Highbury Ter., Halstead, Essex:
TELLING THE WIFE—GOT "HOME" FIRST.
Mr. JOHN GELL, Duddington, Stamford, Lincolnshire:
STEADY HANDS—RARELY "BEND THEIR ELBOWS."
Mr. JAS. OPENSHAW, 33, Dean Terrace, Southwick, Sunderland:
AFTER THE WEDDING—TUNNELS SEEM MUCH LONGER.

Selection from 100 Prizewinners of 5s. each:—

LOWE (Mrs.), 11, Binnie Street, Gourock.
LOWREY, Hy., 79, S. View, Heaton, Newcastle.
LYNNE, S., 228, Henley Road, Ilford.
MCGOURAN, R., 37, Beechfield Street, Belfast.
MILLER, RALPH, c.o. Hyde, 6, Hyndland Avenue, Glasgow.
MILLWARD, J., 7, Pontmorlais, Merthyr Tydfil.
MORRIS, J., 57, Stepney Place, Llanelly.
MORRIS, A. E., 15, Cornwall Grove, Chiswick, W.
O'BRIEN M. (R.I.C.), Ballinasloe, Galway.
OLIFIELD, E. H., 111, Jerninghain Road, New Cross, S.E.
PALMER, H. P. (Mrs.), 32, Neville Street, Norwich.

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. J. Mamelock, 33, Oxford Road, Manchester, from Thursday, January 27th, and Mr. O. Freedmson, Exchange Stage, Victoria Street, Manchester, from Monday, January 31st.

PAXTON, A., 78, Skine Sq., Aberdeen.
PAYTON T. E. (L-Corpl.) Ordnance Stores, Weedon, Northants.
PEARSON (Miss), Iona Craig, Nantygamer Road, Llandudno.
PEART, T. E., 15, Moone Ave., Dunston, Gateshead.
PERKINS, G. D., 28, Grafton Road, Mutley, Plymouth.
PHILLIPS, G. (Mrs.), Sherborne Castle Stables, Sherborne, Dorset.
PITT, GEORGE, 22, Middlesex Mess, Pirbright Camp
PROBERT, H. F., 46, Sandhurst Road, Moseley, Birmingham.
RICE, JOHN, 108, Camberwell New Rd., S.E.
ROBERTS, W., 32, Temple Road, Birkenhead.
ROBERTSON (Miss), 28, Lynedoch Street, Greenock.
SAUNDERS, B., Beach House, Strand, Brixham, So. Devon.
SHINGLES, J., Swaham, Norfolk
SLAID, E., Holly House, Welling.
SMART, G. (Mrs.), "Grendon," Cooper Lane, Smethwick, Staffs
STEVEN, THOS. H., 25, Monmouth Avenue, Bury, Lancs.
SWANZY, H. H., 20, Handfield Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.
THEOBALD, C., 6, Roxwell Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
TODD (Mrs.), Oulton Road, Lowestoft.
TREGALE, C. H., 8, Albany Road, Salisbury, Wilts.
TURNER, W., Heatherville, Blackmill, Bridgend, Glam.
VANES, R., 157, Cambridge Road, Smethwick.
VINNICOMBE, J. B., 101, Gladstone Street, Abertillery.
WARCUP, W., 37, Luton Road Chatham.
WARDLE, J., Sunnyside, Florence Road, W Bridgford, Notts.
WEBB, W. G., 21, Walton Road, Shirehampton. Bristol.
WEIGHILL, M. H., 111, Seaforth Avenue, W. Barnes, New Malden.
WHITTAKER, H. P., 24, Richmond Road, Birkdale, Southport
WHYTE, JAMES, 4, Crawley Villas, Crawley Road, Wood Green, N.
WILLIAMS, A. CHIPP Military Landing Office, Marseilles, France.
WILSON, A., Hope View, Castleton, Derbyshire.
WINFIELD, W., 3, Thyra Grove, Beeston, Notts.
WOOD, M (Mrs.), 159, Front Street, Arnold, Notts.
WREN (Sgt.-Major), Kent Cyclist Btn., Canterbury
ABLY, F., c.o. London Orphan School, Watford, Herts.
ADAMS, JAMES, 60, Lucien Road, Tooting, S.W
ALDWORTH, E. (Mrs.), 48, Slinn Street, Crookes, Sheffield.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons can be used, but a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be enclosed and made payable to "John Bull" and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the amount covering the number of their coupons.
4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.
5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☛ YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, February 3rd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

174, P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No Closing Date, Thursday, February 3rd.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(174) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page

Signed .....

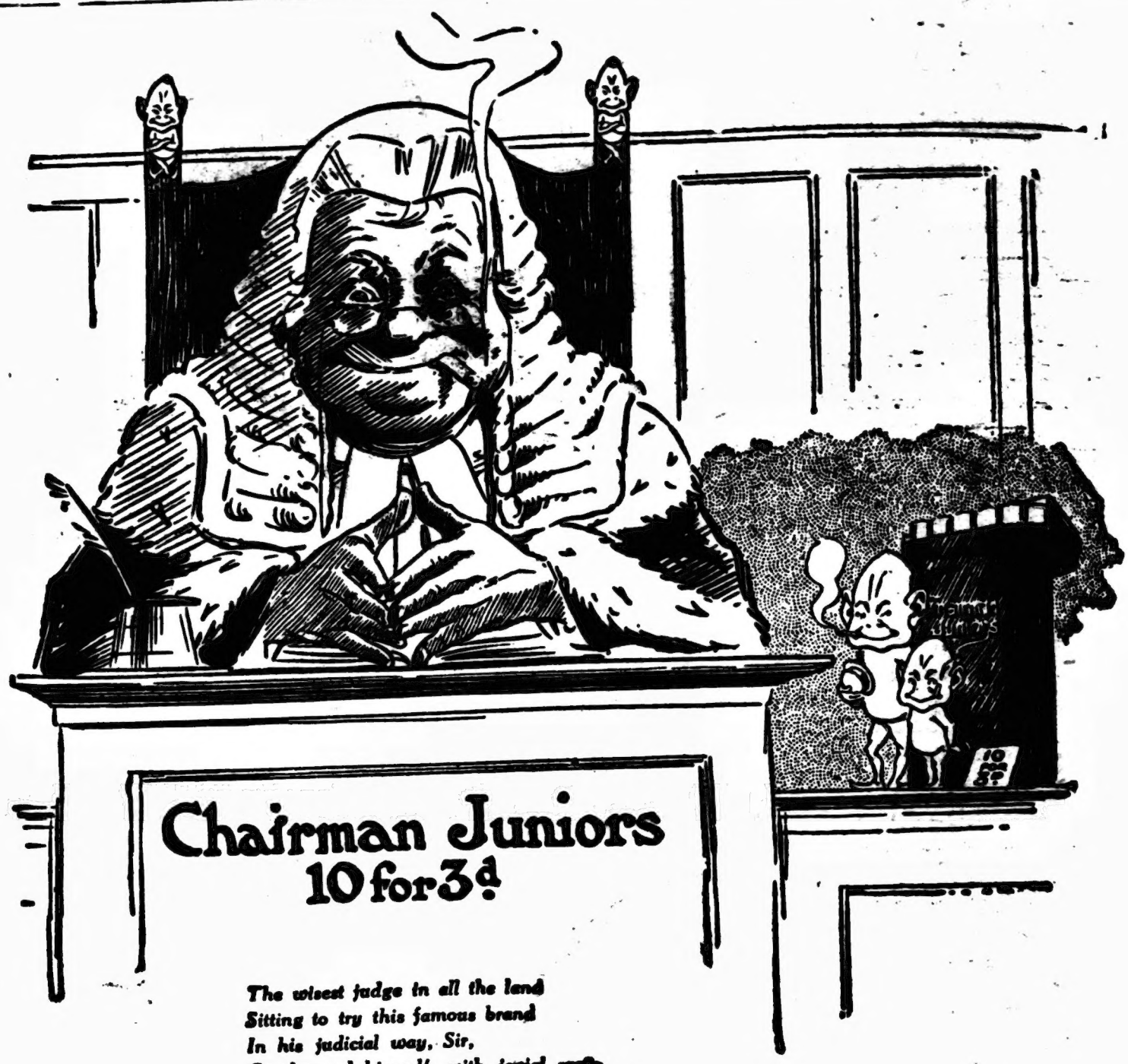
Address .....

.....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 174," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE ABOVE COMPETITION CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."



The wisest judge in all the land
Sitting to try this famous brand
In his judicial way, Sir,
Condemned himself, with jovial smile,
To smoke our Juniors all the while,
For ever and a day, Sir.

If you have Chairman Juniors you have really good cigarettes—they are the original Chairman made a little smaller that they may be sold at 10 for 3d. Otherwise, in make, quality, flavour, aroma and coolness when smoked, they are exactly the same. Not a cheap cigarette with coupons, but a good cigarette without them. They are sold everywhere at

10 for 3d.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, LTD., Manchester.

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